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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 21, 1935

TOPICS OF THE DAY

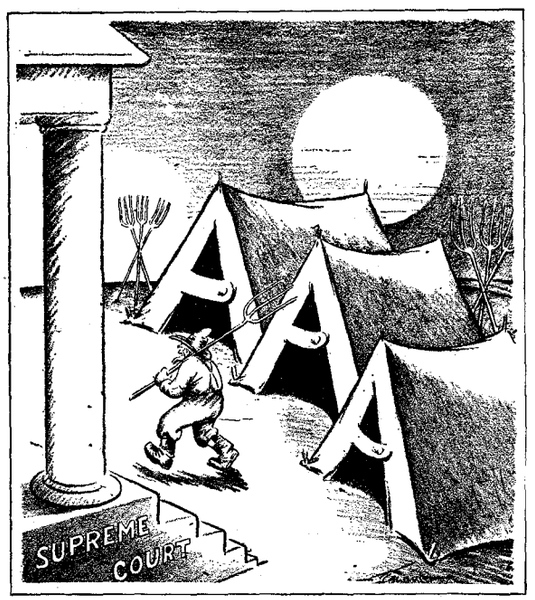
Seeking Answer to Farm Problem

"Every Man a Moses"—New League's Slogan; AAA Studies Preservation of Subsidies in Event of Adverse Court Ruling

"Every Man a Moses" is the slogan of a new league in St. Louis. Wearing badges emblazoned "Out of the Wilderness," the Moseses believe that the solution of the farmer's problems is the key to the Promised Land.

There were other and more pertinent signs that what to do about the farmer was the question of the week.

While the Supreme Court studied the Agricultural Adjustment Act and the Bankhead Cotton Control Act, the AAA set out to find means of preserving benefits to farmers in case the Court's ruling in January is hostile.



"We Are Tenting Tonight—"

—Talburt in the Washington Daily News

Farm Convention

Meanwhile, delegates to the American Farm Bureau Federation met in Chicago last week. After hearing President Roosevelt, the high-pitched voice of smiling Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace, and the serene assurances of AAA Administrator Chester C. Davis, they went home disposed to go along with the New Deal.

Not to disappoint them, the New Deal sent its prize AAA scholars and orators to sound out the South this week on the course for the future.

Thankful acquiescence was indicated by the Sunday-suited Farm Bureau delegates at Chicago, representing approximately 1,250,000 of the nation's 10,035,000 farmers (including 3,745,000 laborers).

The delegates had no harsh words for the AAA, but they asked that its administration be simplified, that contracts be signed on a farm-unit, rather than a farm-commodity, basis, and that the processing-tax be continued.

The farmers applauded when President Roosevelt urged tightening "the seamless web" between city and country, when Secretary Wallace called the processing tax "the farmer's tariff," when Administrator Davis declared the AAA principles are here to stay.

Their faith that their problem would be sympathetically treated was reflected by the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.), which said:

"The high point of the convention was evidently supposed to be this statement [by Mr. Davis]: 'The day will come when an agricultural policy will be nailed high above the ebb and flow of partizan political debate.'

"The day will come? Why, it has come already. The details of agricultural policy are still, to be sure, the subject of economic speculation and political wrangling. It is a revolving fund one minute, an AAA a little later.

"But the fundamental policy is not merely nailed above the ebb and flow of partizanship; it is screwed, clamped, riveted, and welded into place. There is no disagreement among politicians on the fundamental point that the farmers must, and shall, receive Federal subsidies in one form or another."

Admitting that the President has done well by the farmers, Walter Lippmann wishes that the policy might be extended.

"The Department of Agriculture is an old-established organization," he says in his copyrighted column in the New York *Herald Tribune* (Ind.-Rep.). "In the course of three generations it has recruited and trained a highly-expert staff. No one can doubt that the Department is manned by officials who really understand agriculture, that they are seasoned and on the whole extraordinarily competent careermen. It is one of the Departments at Washington which most nearly approaches the ideal which Civil Service reformers have aimed at. . . .

"If the President will look candidly into his own mind, he will find there the explanation of his successes and his difficulties. To agriculture he has given his sympathy and he has been repaid in sympathy; toward industry he has been lacking in sympathy and he is being repaid in antagonism."

Troubles at Convention

Maj. George L. Berry's invitations to a general industrial conference drew many business and labor leaders to Washington last week. But President Roosevelt's Coordinator for Industrial Cooperation struck snags in forming his proposed permanent Council for Industrial Progress "to carry the nation toward a stabilized and lasting prosperity."

"All industry seemed to be represented at George L. Berry's peculiar convention," Paul Mallon wrote in his syndicated newspaper column describing the master opening meeting. "The invitation refusals sent in by the major industries must have been for official effect.

"Of course, some decliners were standing behind the marble columns, peeping out. Others affected mild official disguises.

"That is to say the expected happened. The big bulk of industry officially boycotted

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Maj. George L. Berry: His meeting with industry was thought-provoking

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the meeting, but did not dare to let such a vital gathering go unobserved."

Major Berry planned for the various groups to separate and elect delegates.

But Dr. A. P. Haake, a former Congregationalist minister, objected, with others.

"We know you were sent here to upset this meeting," the Coordinator replied.

"That's an unqualified lie," Doctor Haake shouted.

Major Berry advanced to the edge of the platform, punctuating his phrases with a forward jab of a cigar. "I'll make you eat it—eat it—eat it," he roared.

Dissension General

With dissension general in many industrial groups, the Coordinator postponed forming the Council until this week.

"A stout man is Major Berry," the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* declared. "Catcalls and denunciations of his whole 'cooperative' conference of industrialists and labor leaders at the opening session fail to move him. Altho many industrial representatives had already left Washington for their homes he was still trying doggedly to restore a semblance of order.

"It would seem that Major Berry, like the late *Rip Van Winkle*, has been absent for a considerable spell. Unless we are badly mistaken, the United States Supreme Court last May clearly informed the world that the Federal Government can not be a 'partner' in the regulation of commerce which is not interstate."

Townsend-Plan Agitation

A sudden chill made both big political Parties shiver last week.

The seizure was caused by the reappearance of a ghost that, apparently, had been exorcised months ago. It was the Townsend Old-Age-Pension Plan.

Washington had waved good-by to the Townsend Plan and its sponsor, the gentle and elderly Dr. Francis E. Townsend, California physician, when the House of Representatives, at the last session of Congress, voted down his idea for pensioning the aged. It was considered too chimerical, this plan for ending the depression by paying a $200-a-month pension to every one over sixty, even tho its backers said that a 2 per cent. national transactions tax would finance it.

But, chimerical or not, it came to the fore again last week. Political observers were startled to read that the Townsendites, with an asserted strength of 8,000,000, were planning a third Party movement for the Presidential campaign next year. At the same time, some members of Congress became jittery when they received a polite letter asking them exactly how they stood on the Townsend Plan.

"One member of the House said he believed there would be 100 new faces in the next Congress as a result of the Plan," said a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times* (Ind.-Dem.). "Members from the most solid and conservative districts are reporting real concern over their chances unless they adopt the Plan or think up an appropriate straddle."

Two Politicians Found Guilty

California Representative Convicted of Conspiracy to Sell West Point Cadetship; "Grocer" Norris Held Perjurer in Nebraska

Acme

Representative John H. Hoeppel and his son, Charles, both of whom were convicted of conspiracy to sell a West Point appointment for $1,000

A lawmaker and a would-be lawmaker felt the cold, hard touch of the law last week.

Sitting in the marble-walled chamber of the District of Columbia Supreme Court with tears in his eyes, Representative John H. Hoeppel, California Democrat, heard a jury pronounce him guilty of conspiracy to sell an appointment to the West Point Military Academy.

Half-way across the continent, in the more humble Federal District courtroom at Lincoln, Nebraska, "Grocer" George W. Norris, who in 1930 attempted to become a candidate against his name-double, Senator George W. Norris, heard a jury pronounce him guilty of perjury.

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"Grocer" Norris

During a dramatic four-day trial the lean, tight-lipped Representative from California, who for twenty years had been an enlisted man in the Army, listened grimly while Charles W. Ives, Baltimore athlete, told of handing over a $1,000 promissory note on the promise of a cadetship.

Pointing his finger at Mr. Hoeppel's curly-headed twenty-one-year-old son Charles, young Ives, a lacrosse star in the 1932 Olympics, declared that "there sat the mysterious 'Charles Alexander'" who had visited his home, haggled with him over the price of an appointment, and then closed the deal on receipt of the note.

It was to please high-ranking officers in search of football material for the gray-walled Academy perched on the Hudson River bluffs that he had nominated Ives, Representative Hoeppel declared in his defense. He denied any money transaction.

Tho he became an officer during the World War and now edits the *Army and Navy Advocate*, Mr. Hoeppel served for years as a lineman, and then as a telegraph and cable-operator in Alaska. Later he was appointed Postmaster in drowsy little Arcadia, California.

Barred from Ballot

The slim oval face of "Grocer" Norris became familiar to news-readers in 1930, when—after a brisk verbal duel between Nebraska Republicans for and against the veteran, gray-haired Senator Norris—his name was barred from the primary ballot.

Friends of the Senator then charged that the Broken Bow grocer's attempt at a candidacy had been engineered by Victor Seymour, former Republican Campaign Committee leader, to confuse voters.

Called by North Dakota's belligerent Senator Gerald P. Nye (Rep.) before a Senatorial investigating committee, "Grocer" Norris insisted that he had received no money to file his candidacy. He was nevertheless indicted for perjury; and later he reversed his testimony.

With "Grocer" Norris facing a maximum sentence of five years and $2,000 fine, the Lincoln *Star* (Ind.-Dem.) finds "finis written to an ugly chapter of Nebraska political history." *The Star* declared: "It was a piece of reprehensible politics, this effort of politicians who hated the real Senator Norris with a venom and fury so deep as to inspire them to resort to any despicable tactics to defeat him."

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Digest Poll Returns Extend Over 34 States

Total of 819,320 Ballots Cast, With New Deal Favored by 42.31 Per Cent. and Opposed by 57.69; Roosevelt Policies Disapproved in 23 States, Approved in 11

Thirty-four States swing into line in the fifth report of THE LITERARY DIGEST'S Poll of New Deal strength to-day.

This week's vote, reflecting coast-to-coast interest, rolls up a total of 819,320 ballots. Eight more States are represented. To complete the parade, fourteen others are yet to be heard from.

Poll followers will note at once that the percentages show a further slight loss for the New Deal since last week on the question asked 10,000,000 Americans: "Do you NOW approve the acts and policies of the Roosevelt New Deal to date?"

Of the 819,320 voters, 346,622 vote yes and 472,698 vote no. Thus the New Deal is trailing by 126,076 votes. The percentages are 42.31 yes, and 57.69 no. In THE DIGEST'S great poll of 1934 the final result favored the New Deal by 61.15 per cent.

Of the eight new States represented this week, the New Deal captures half in the initial voting—Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina. Those showing negative returns in the early vote are New Hampshire, Wisconsin, Oregon, and Washington.

With twenty-three of the thirty-four States opposed to the New Deal, thus far in the Poll, and eleven favoring it, it is interesting to note that these thirty-four States represent 74.34 per cent. of the total population of the United States and that they cast 75.31 per cent of the 22,821,857 votes which elected President Roosevelt.

The twenty-three States shown registering opposition to the Administration's policies represent 265 Electoral College votes, one vote less than a majority, while the eleven States indicated as favoring the New Deal have a total of 128 votes.

Voting in South and West

Eleven of the thirteen States in the Southern tier are voting more than three to two in favor of the President's policies. They are Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas. In the same region, Florida and Oklahoma are registering slight majorities against the New Deal.

Wisconsin's initial balloting this week indicates a two-to-one ratio against the New Deal. With the advent of the "LaFollette State" to the poll tally, votes are reported from all States in the farm belt, which continues to vote against the New Deal as a region by over three to two.

All the States from which ballots are reported in the current tally, with the exception of Connecticut and New Hampshire, voted for Roosevelt in the Presidential election of 1932.

Of the 432,931 who indicate that they voted for Roosevelt in that year, 146,625 vote no in the present poll. Of the 340,258 who indicate that they voted for Hoover in 1932, 41,874 now support the New Deal.

A criticism of the present poll is that it does not reach a proper proportion of unemployed and those employed at very low wages or on relief. In September and October, 1932, THE LITERARY DIGEST conducted a nation-wide poll by the same method now employed, which forecast that Roosevelt would receive 59.86 per cent. of the Roosevelt-Hoover vote.

At that time, October, 1932, the American Federation of Labor estimated the number of unemployed at 11,000,000. Obviously the same criticism might have been made then (and was made) that THE

Fifth Report *Literary Digest* Nation-Wide Poll on Roosevelt's Policies

State	Total Votes to Date	Vote YES in Support of Roosevelt's Policies	Vote NO Against Roosevelt's Policies	ANALYSIS OF HOW VOTERS IN THIS POLL VOTED IN 1932 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION AND HOW THEY NOW VOTE ON NEW DEAL POLICIES											
				Those Who Voted for Roosevelt in 1932			Those Who Voted for Hoover in 1932			Those Who Voted for Others Than Roosevelt or Hoover in 1932			Those Who Did Not Vote in 1932 or Vote Not Indicated		
				Now Vote on the New Deal			Now Vote on the New Deal			Now Vote on the New Deal			Now Vote on the New Deal		
				Yes	No	Total	Yes	No	Total	Yes	No	Total	Yes	No	Total
ALABAMA	10,080	6,760=67.06%	3,320=32.94%	6,267	2,031	8,298	203	986	1,189	42	31	73	248	272	520
ARKANSAS	7,721	4,687=60.70%	3,034=39.30%	4,371	1,778	6,149	170	1,002	1,172	21	33	54	125	221	346
CALIFORNIA	83,439	34,812=41.72%	48,627=58.28%	26,423	12,940	39,363	6,274	33,301	39,575	1,111	627	1,738	1,004	1,759	2,763
COLORADO	15,233	5,218=34.25%	10,015=65.75%	4,080	2,710	6,790	812	6,692	7,504	178	204	382	148	409	557
CONNECTICUT	20,488	5,782=28.22%	14,706=71.78%	4,338	2,570	6,908	1,005	11,493	12,498	261	204	465	178	439	617
FLORIDA	9,959	4,910=49.30%	5,049=50.70%	4,310	2,360	6,670	342	2,252	2,594	34	40	74	224	397	621
GEORGIA	15,065	10,116=67.15%	4,949=32.85%	9,230	3,251	12,481	257	1,148	1,405	70	42	112	559	508	1,067
ILLINOIS	75,217	25,273=33.60%	49,944=66.40%	19,549	14,285	33,834	4,050	33,121	37,171	811	642	1,453	863	1,896	2,759
INDIANA	48,083	19,493=40.54%	28,590=59.46%	15,993	7,233	23,226	2,599	19,803	22,402	315	265	580	586	1,289	1,875
IOWA	38,490	16,114=41.87%	22,376=58.13%	12,904	5,990	18,894	2,412	15,051	17,463	273	326	599	525	1,009	1,534
KANSAS	35,829	15,286=42.66%	20,543=57.34%	11,801	4,930	16,731	2,562	13,969	16,531	320	362	682	603	1,282	1,885
KENTUCKY	18,480	11,062=59.86%	7,418=40.14%	9,767	2,542	12,309	839	4,351	5,190	95	80	175	361	445	806
LOUISIANA	5,131	3,272=63.77%	1,859=36.23%	2,954	1,288	4,242	185	441	626	8	24	32	125	106	231
MARYLAND	19,397	6,562=33.83%	12,835=66.17%	5,486	5,292	10,778	612	6,568	7,180	200	196	396	264	779	1,043
MASSACHUSETTS	19,800	4,107=20.74%	15,693=79.26%	3,017	2,792	5,809	779	12,339	13,118	197	177	374	114	385	499
MICHIGAN	41,375	13,036=31.51%	28,339=68.49%	9,779	7,238	17,017	2,337	19,734	22,071	512	465	977	408	902	1,310
MINNESOTA	44,335	16,027=36.15%	28,308=63.85%	12,615	8,430	21,045	2,515	18,610	21,125	457	450	907	440	818	1,258
MISSISSIPPI	5,738	4,178=72.81%	1,560=27.19%	3,980	1,179	5,159	65	254	319	11	9	20	122	118	240
MISSOURI	56,161	24,489=43.60%	31,672=56.40%	21,058	10,331	31,389	2,456	19,389	21,845	353	484	837	622	1,468	2,090
NEBRASKA	22,714	9,031=39.76%	13,683=60.24%	7,483	4,311	11,794	1,129	8,513	9,642	150	177	327	269	682	951
NEW HAMPSHIRE	2,553	609=23.85%	1,944=76.15%	468	326	794	100	1,538	1,638	16	11	27	25	69	94
NORTH CAROLINA	14,492	9,403=64.88%	5,089=35.12%	8,583	2,325	10,908	389	2,251	2,640	105	76	181	326	437	763
NORTH DAKOTA	6,282	2,544=40.50%	3,738=59.50%	2,040	1,559	3,599	400	2,002	2,402	42	72	114	62	105	167
OHIO	72,651	25,836=35.56%	46,815=64.44%	19,848	12,053	31,901	4,396	32,284	36,680	901	768	1,669	691	1,710	2,401
OKLAHOMA	20,542	9,818=47.79%	10,724=52.21%	8,530	4,505	13,035	859	5,418	6,277	91	109	200	338	692	1,030
OREGON	2,908	1,191=40.96%	1,717=59.04%	930	496	1,426	196	1,105	1,301	28	45	73	37	71	108
SOUTH CAROLINA	3,773	2,655=70.37%	1,118=29.63%	2,538	866	3,404	25	102	127	8	2	10	84	148	232
SOUTH DAKOTA	9,475	3,388=35.76%	6,087=64.24%	2,772	2,020	4,792	477	3,743	4,220	47	98	145	92	226	318
TENNESSEE	17,313	10,921=63.08%	6,392=36.92%	9,697	2,399	12,096	622	3,347	3,969	90	84	174	512	562	1,074
TEXAS	36,236	21,861=60.33%	14,375=39.67%	19,810	8,990	28,800	1,134	4,382	5,516	160	153	313	757	850	1,607
VIRGINIA	16,236	8,494=52.32%	7,742=47.68%	7,539	3,387	10,926	509	3,716	4,225	111	102	213	335	537	872
WASHINGTON	8,543	3,312=38.77%	5,231=61.23%	2,586	1,660	4,246	545	3,256	3,801	80	123	203	101	192	293
WEST VIRGINIA	14,403	5,982=41.53%	8,421=58.47%	5,254	2,291	7,545	544	5,731	6,275	66	62	128	118	337	455
WISCONSIN	1,178	393=33.36%	785=66.64%	306	267	573	75	492	567	7	3	10	5	23	28
TOTALS	819,320	346,622=42.31%	472,698=57.69%	286,306	146,625	432,931	41,874	298,384	340,258	7,171	6,546	13 717	11,271	21,143	32,414

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The Vote in '32, '34, and To-Day

The following table shows how the thirty-four States in the table on the preceding page voted on Roosevelt (a) in the 1932 election (b) in THE DIGEST's NEW DEAL POLL of 1934, and (c) in the 1935 LITERARY DIGEST Poll to date:

	1932 Election For Roosevelt (A) Per Cent.	1934 Poll Vote For Roosevelt (B) Per Cent.	1935 Vote to Date For Roosevelt (C) Per Cent.
Alabama	84.85	80.44	67.06
Arkansas	85.96	72.77	60.70
California	58.41	69.32	41.72
Colorado	54.81	53.43	34.25
Connecticut	47.40	55.81	28.22
Florida	74.68	71.77	49.30
Georgia	91.60	82.43	67.15
Illinois	55.23	53.24	33.60
Indiana	54.67	52.09	40.54
Iowa	57.69	51.70	41.87
Kansas	53.56	50.82	42.66
Kentucky	59.06	66.04	59.86
Louisiana	92.79	75.10	63.77
Maryland	61.50	60.28	33.83
Massachusetts	50.64	52.16	20.74
Michigan	52.37	60.39	31.51
Minnesota	59.91	62.19	36.15
Mississippi	95.98	83.27	72.81
Missouri	63.69	63.15	43.60
Nebraska	62.98	53.91	39.76
New Hampshire	48.99	51.08	23.85
North Carolina	69.93	75.03	64.88
North Dakota	69.59	60.27	40.50
Ohio	49.87	59.92	35.56
Oklahoma	73.30	66.98	47.79
Oregon	58.00	70.42	40.96
South Carolina	98.03	83.63	70.37
South Dakota	63.62	50.28	35.76
Tennessee	66.51	70.47	63.08
Texas	88.06	77.72	60.33
Virginia	68.46	65.66	52.32
Washington	57.46	64.43	38.77
West Virginia	54.47	62.82	41.53
Wisconsin	63.46	62.68	33.36

DIGEST poll of 1932 did not reach a proper number of unemployed. Yet in the following election, in November, 1932, the accuracy of THE DIGEST poll was confirmed when Roosevelt did actually receive 59.15 per cent. of the total votes cast for Roosevelt and Hoover.

Editorial Comment

Editorial interest in the poll is increasing; it is being discussed from a number of angles.

"The returns thus far," says the Duluth *News-Tribune* (Rep.), "are exceedingly cheering to opponents of the present Administration, but, as THE DIGEST puts it, 'the final answer still is shrouded and will be until the returns are complete.'"

"At first sight," remarks the San Francisco *Chronicle* (Rep.), "it seems remarkable to see Southern States like Florida, Missouri, and Oklahoma plumping against the Democratic New Deal, decisively in the case of the last two. Yet it must be remembered that these Southern Democrats are voting now on Mr. Roosevelt's policies rather than on Mr. Roosevelt as President."

"It is idle to say that the poll is either biased or unfair," says the Tuscaloosa (Alabama) *News* (Dem.). "A much better way is to study the results and, if formidable opposition has developed. attempt to overcome it.

"Campaigns are won, not by pooh-poohing facts, but by facing them and taking necessary measures to overcome them if the facts prove to be adverse."

A great volume of poll mail is being received by THE DIGEST. It reflects a wide range of opinion. Some excerpts follow:

"I will not vote for him [President Roosevelt] in 1936 because conditions in this section for the average man are not as good as they were when he took office." —Hayti, Missouri.

Gainer in Business

"My business has been so much benefited by this Administration that I am for Mr. Roosevelt and his good judgment to the extent of all I can do to help him."—Pittsburgh.

"When any man in power is governed by expediency rather than by principle, no matter what his stated policies may be, he is a dangerous character and I so regard Mr. Roosevelt."—New York City.

"On the whole Mr. Roosevelt is doing a good job and he should be supported, encouraged, and sustained."—Scranton, Pennsylvania.

"What has the New Deal done for the workingman? Put the price of living up so that we can hardly exist."—Washington, Pennsylvania.

"The Administration probably has made some mistakes, but if it has erred it has been in favor of the poor man."—Raleigh, North Carolina.

"I am unalterably opposed to the way his New Deal is working out. It is a rank failure."—Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

"The New Deal has its faults. Any great building or piece of machinery has its faults. But why trade a new automobile for a wheelbarrow?"—San Francisco.

Training for Government

Lucius Nathan Littauer, seventy-six, Harvard '78, and former Representative in Congress, has been noted for his philanthropies ever since he retired from the glove-manufacturing industry in 1907. Last week he did "something for the old school." He presented a $2,000,000 fund to Harvard University for the establishment of a Graduate School of Public Administration "to promote the science and art of Government."

"Government administration for the true welfare of the people demands a special training imbued with the ideals and ambitions of our country's benefit," he said. "Our public administration needs men trained with a broad outlook into the history, politics, and economics of the past."

"This new institution," said the Boston *Herald* (Rep.), "should . . . stimulate and improve our whole civil service."

Said the Washington *Star* (Ind.): "He (Littauer) can have inscribed over the portals of his noble gift the words of Axel Oxenstjerna: 'Learn, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed.'"

Embattled Governor

South Carolina Legislature Meets With Cries of "Impeach Him"

The South Carolina Legislature convened in such a hurry one noon last week that the Speaker left his favorite gavel at home and the House Sergeant-at-Arms couldn't find his mace.

Harassed Gov. Olin D. Johnston had issued no formal proclamation for the formal session, called to straighten out the State Highway Administration tangle.

"Impeach him," cried Senators, who demanded that he withdraw State troops which had guarded the Highway Department for six weeks. The Senate refused to act until military control was suspended.

South Carolina's Highway Commissioners are appointed by the Governor but do not take office when he does. Charging that the Commissioners in office when he was elected were "dictators," the Governor ousted them on October 28, and put in his own Board of Managers. The State Supreme Court called the latter "trespassers" and granted an injunction tying up highway funds.

His dark eyes flashing, Governor Johnston in his message to the Legislature declared that the opposition to him came from the "blue bloods and the aristocrats" who resented him because "I had come from poor, but honorable parentage."

The Charleston, S. C., *News and Courier* (Ind.-Dem.), which campaigned for Mr. Johnston's election and defends his Administration in general, said:

"We have seen worse Governors than Mr. Johnston, the depth of whose pious intentions and sincerity we do not doubt. Nor do we doubt the depth of his ignorance of democratic and constitutional Government."

The thirty-nine-year-old executive met such criticism by appealing to the Legislators:

"I ask you, have I shown the arrogant attitude that has been attributed to me?"

Wide World

Gov. Olin D. Johnston who assails "blue-blood, aristocratic" critics

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Trouble for Tugwell

New Jersey Taxpayers Sue Over Professor's "Green-Belt" Town

The trouble with trying to create a real or imaginary Utopia is that, sooner or later, somebody is bound to object to the proposed site, or the method of construction, or both. This fact was discovered by Rexford Guy Tugwell, handsome, forty-four-year-old Under Secretary of Agriculture and Resettlement Administrator, some time ago.

Last week he had additional proof when the Township of Franklin, Somerset County, New Jersey, and four embattled taxpayers tossed a monkey-wrench into his plans for a "satellite city" in the vicinity of Bound Brook. They filed suit to test the constitutionality of the Federal Suburban Resettlement Administration's proposed "green-belt" project.

Satellite Towns

"Green-belt cities" or "satellite towns" are Professor Tugwell's dream. Already one is under construction at Beltsville, between Washington and Baltimore. Their object is to provide ideal housing and living conditions for small-salaried people.

Roughly speaking, they will be circular in shape, with the business district as the core. Residences will encircle the business center, and these, in turn, will be encircled by a "belt" of protective parkland.

Buildings will not be uniform in shape, design, or size, and will vary from one-family houses to small apartments. None will be for sale. Rents are to be exceedingly low. And $30,000,000 is available to erect these towns, not alone in Beltsville and Bound Brook, but, also, in Cincinnati and Milwaukee, as a demonstration of what the United States can do.

Sponsor Is Calm

To Tilford E. Dudley, in charge of the Bound Brook project, the suit is nothing over which to stay awake o' nights. Questioned by The Literary Digest, he said: "It is just an obstructionist move of the kind we had once in Madison, Wisconsin, on identical facts. The Court dismissed the complaint then, and turned the court-session into an ovation in favor of the Government project."

Supporting Mr. Dudley, *The Somerset Messenger-Gazette* comments: "This suit, the first legal action taken against the Franklin project, has been bitterly opposed by many township residents since the action was announced."

The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* (Ind.-Rep.) is not surprized at the lawsuit, and says: "Taxpayers who have a hard struggle helping their local governments to make ends meet seriously object to Government action which takes land off the tax-rolls in subsidizing homes. Unless Washington can find some lawful means to compensate minor governmental units which it injures in executing its altruistic plans it may expect to encounter opposition."

Landon, Hoover, and the Editors

Hearst, Block, and Mrs. Patterson Leave Topeka, Impressed; Republican Ex-President Going East Again for New Series of Talks

Keystone

William Randolph Hearst (left) *and Paul Block* (right) *drop in at Topeka, Kansas, to get a first-hand impression of their Presidential candidate, Alf M. Landon* (center)

Three newspaper publishers stopped off at Topeka last week and called upon Alf M. Landon, Governor of Kansas.

"Landon can be nominated by the Republicans and elected," said William Randolph Hearst. "I think he is marvelous. To say I am favorably impressed puts it very mildly."

"He's an even bigger man than I had previously thought," said Paul Block.

"He's just the solid, common type of man we need in the White House," said Mrs. Eleanor Patterson, Publisher of the Washington *Herald* (Ind.).

Also lunching at the Kansas Executive Mansion that day were Arthur Brisbane, crack Hearst writer; George B. Longan and Henry J. Haskell, of the Kansas City *Star* (Ind.); Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas; Arthur J. Carruth, Jr., Editor of the Topeka *State Journal* (Ind.-Rep.), and Frank Burns of Seattle, Republican National Committeeman for Washington.

Hoover's Notes

As Mr. Hearst continued westward, Herbert Hoover gathered up his notes to start east for the fourth in a series of public addresses. He was scheduled to appear in St. Louis on Monday.

Reflecting in his Stanford University hilltop home on his present political rôle, Mr. Hoover hardly could have missed a front-page editorial published a mile away in the Palo Alto *Times* (Ind.), his home-town newspaper. It called on him for an announcement "removing himself from the list of candidate possibilities."

"Frankly, we believe that Mr. Hoover, in his matchless position, is too valuable a man to be wasted on a possible candidacy," said *The Times*, which supported Mr. Hoover editorially in his two Presidential campaigns. "His highest service can lie in continuing his present course, but freed from the stigmatic inferences that will persist as long as political hecklers are able to link his every utterance with the charge of personal motive."

Among those who have drawn "stigmatic inferences" is the Leftist *New Republic*, which said:

"With maidenly coyness, both President Hoover and Senator Borah have been hinting that they would be willing to sacrifice their home-keeping instincts and accept the Republican nomination for the Presidency. They did not exactly admit that they were in the race, but they fiercely resisted attempts to make them say that they were not candidates."

Complaining that at the moment all that is sure is that Mr. Hoover and Mr. Borah are "running at each other full tilt," James Morgan, in the Boston *Sunday Globe* (Ind.), noted that the first of the Presidential primaries will be held in New Hampshire, on March 10. This is less than three months away, and Mr. Morgan adds that "the public does not yet know whether the two foremost figures on the Republican side, the only men who can make the first page of the newspapers, are to be available. . . . Such a situation as this can not be matched in the nearly 150-year record of the Presidency."

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Topics in Brief

THE best answer to Hoover is: Why didn't you?—*Tampa Tribune.*

APPARENTLY the New Deal has passed its Peek.—*Dallas Morning News.*

JOHN L. LEWIS must have felt that he had a Green signal to go.—*Indianapolis News.*

FASTER mail-service seems a blessing until you examine what you get.—*Muskogee Phoenix.*

AN evangelist says there is no buying or selling in heaven. Of course not; that isn't where business has gone.—*Grit.*

So far we have heard of no other treatment that will remove bonus trouble except a fiscal operation.—*Miami Herald.*

A NICE feature of the Ethiopian war is that each side seems to be allowed to keep its own score-card.—*San Diego Union.*

THRIFT, meaning to spend less than you earn, a word in common usage in America up to March 4, 1933.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

GENERAL JOHNSON doesn't know what the Administration is coming to, but he is aware that it is no longer coming to him.—*Louisville Times.*

ITALY'S aggressive attitude is a surprizing about-face for a country that for all these years has been exporting so many peaceful prize-fighters.—*Life.*

Little Bo-peep lost her sheep, and it's understood the Government is going to pay her for not finding them.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

SOMETIMES it's instructive to get the other angle, and we'd like to know what Queen Mary thinks of current millinery.—*Portland Morning Oregonian.*

A WOMAN press-correspondent found Il Duce eating an olive. Before it was served to him, however, the branch had been carefully removed.—*St. Joseph (Mo.) News-Tribune.*

KENTUCKY distillers are up in arms over the 50 per cent. reduction in duty on Canadian whisky. They figure it's a serious threat to the Bourbon dynasty.—*Springfield Union.*

FIFTY-NINE lawyers have agreed that the Wagner Act is unconstitutional. This is important as being the first time in history that fifty-nine lawyers have agreed on anything.—*New York Sun.*

THE country newspaper is a political power. Its editorial utterances may not be always profound, but it exercises unmistakable influence on public opinion simply by printing the delinquent-tax list.—*Washington Evening Star.*

A WESTERN jeweler thought bandits were practical jokers till they taped a handkerchief in his mouth. He knew then it was a gag.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"HELL is full of professional reformers," declares a minister. We regret to hear this. We had been hoping there was room for more.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

THE G. O. P. is struggling with a tough problem. It's trying to think of something to offer the people which the Administration hasn't already given them.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

WE guess there isn't much that can be done about the southwestern convict who has composed 100 hillbilly melodies in his cell. He's in for life, anyway.—*Boston Herald.*

THE LITERARY DIGEST is trying to find out whether the public approves the New Deal policies. A lot of people would be satisfied merely to find out what they are.—*Kansas City Star.*

MOTOR manufacturers predict that 1936 will be a peak year in new cars, surpassing even 1928. If anybody has a parking solution, now is the time for him to speak up.—*Wichita Eagle.*

THE newspapers printing that long story about the wheat-crop will, of course, run it as a cereal.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

RUSSIA has finally decided to pay workers according to their ability. Fortunately for many of us, we are not Russians.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE highest compliment ever paid the Constitution of the United States was uttered by Senator Borah the other day when he broke down and confessed that even he could not write a better one.—*Detroit Free Press.*

REPORTS that President Roosevelt has tentatively chosen Philadelphia as the scene of the next Democratic convention suggest he expects it to be a quiet affair.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

UNTIL Americans learn how to administer a single township as it should be done, their present mood is to refrain from trying to manage Europe, Africa, and Asia.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

BRIEF recent political history of the United States:

Calvin Coolidge—"Ladies and gentlemen"—

Herbert Hoover—"Citizens of the United States"—

Franklin Roosevelt—"My friends"—

Herbert Hoover—"Hello, everybody!"—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

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"But I Thought There Was Only One Santa Claus"

—Chamberlain for King Features

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Groping for Peace Over Ethiopia

Hoare-Laval Plan Excites Antagonism in England and France; Ethiopia Set Against Settlement Which Would "Reward Italian Aggression"

Casualties in the Italo-Ethiopian War last week were recorded chiefly of the International Diplomatic Corps. Sir Samuel Hoare, Britain's Foreign Secretary, an aviator of repute and a fancy skater on ice, fell and suffered a broken nose in Switzerland, whither he had gone for a month's holiday. At Geneva, according to the United Press, the swarthy Auvergnat, Premier Pierre Laval of France, was held up in a dentist's chair to have an aching wisdom-tooth pulled out.

"I'll take no anesthetic," said M. Laval to the dentist, "because it dulls the intelligence and I'll need my wits during a talk with Anthony Eden to-night."

Meanwhile Sir Samuel was called back to London to fight for his political life, wrote a London correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, when critics in and out of the British Parliament demanded his resignation because of his leading part in drafting the Anglo-French peace terms which would partition Ethiopia to please Italy.

"Incredible" Terms

When the truth about the extraordinary Hoare-Laval agreement on Italo-Ethiopian peace is finally revealed, wrote a special correspondent of the New York *Sun* from Paris, "it may be simply incredible." This informant, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, was reliably informed that the British Cabinet's instructions to Sir Samuel did not go nearly so far as fattening the offer to Premier Benito Mussolini.

"Augur," a British pseudonymous correspondent, also cabled from London to the New York *Times* that Sir Samuel and Premier Laval had agreed on terms, involving the dismemberment of Ethiopia, far beyond anything proposed by the League Committee of Five last summer or by experts who had conferred in Paris.

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Anthony Eden

The proposed Anglo-French peace plan, according to John Elliott, cabling from Paris to the New York *Herald Tribune*, included cession by Italy to Ethiopia of a seaport and a corridor connecting the port with Ethiopian territory.

In northern Ethiopia Italy would retain the territory already occupied by her troops, including all of Tigré Province, excepting Aksum, the Holy City of the Ethiopians, which would be restored to them.

Italy would get full sovereignty over the Province of Ogaden, in the south, with an extension westward in the form of a "zone of colonization" under the sovereignty of the Negus Negusti, but administered by Italy. The "Amharic" nucleus of Ethiopia would preserve its full independence, but Emperor Haile Selassie would be invited to ask the League of Nations for assistance in administrative, financial, economic, and police reorganization under League supervision, with Italy having a preponderant place in such reorganization.

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"Petrolio," the Italians call it; thousands of gallons of it in Eritrea; vital for a modern army; most vexing problem before the League of Nations

On December 12, according to Paris Associated Press cables, the Ethiopian Government, through its Minister, Wolde Mariam, announced that it was flatly opposed to any proposal for settlement of the Italo-Ethiopian war which would "reward Italian aggression." "Ethiopia," he declared, "has been the victim of an unjustified aggression solemnly condemned by unanimous vote of the League."

Geneva dispatches of the Associated Press on December 15 indicated that both the Little Entente and Scandinavia might figure in the vanguard of the nations opposing the Franco-British plan to obtain peace by territorial concessions to Italy. Spokesmen for the Little Entente said that any dismemberment of Ethiopia would be combated by Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia.

Like the northern nations, it was said, the Little Entente was eager to have the League establish a lasting precedent against conquest by force.

Referring to Britain's Foreign Secretary, a cabled editorial to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* said:

"Hoare, near a breakdown, should have been prevented from going to Paris. Anyhow, the affair will be most useful as a touchstone of strength for the League's principle throughout the world."

Among other small nations aroused against the policy of the big Powers in the League is Denmark, in which country Copenhagen's *Berlingske Tidende* said:

"As to the universal policy this signifies a grave loss of prestige for London—for Geneva the doom. There is no doubt the union of nations has drawn close as a political . . . instrument."

In the view of the *Petit Journal*, independent semi-official Paris daily: "All those elements which render the plan acceptable to Rome constitute simultaneously very real obstacles to ratification of the plan by the League of Nations. What becomes of Article X of the pact guaranteeing the integrity of the independence of all League members if not only there is recommended an exchange of territory, but also the establishment of a zone of influence and colonization?"

In the *Voce d'Italia* (Rome), reputedly a government organ of Italy, Virginio Gayda said:

"The very idea of an exchange of territory between Italy and Ethiopia is based on the obsolete principle of equality in the possession and rights of the two countries. This is a grave and typical error on the part of Geneva. Nothing could be legitimate in this parity if civilization has any value at all."

In Ethiopia, where censorship restricted military news to field reports and rumors of impending activities, the week produced one outstanding flash.

Dr. Robert W. Hockman, American mis-

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sionary and head of the Ethiopian Red Cross, died tragically, as he pursued a hobby. Out for more war souvenirs, the twenty-eight-year-old Wheaton, Illinois, evangel was blown to bits as he dug up a "dud" Italian aerial bomb at Daggah Bur, on the southern front.

Entering its tenth week, the war got for the Italians dangerously near the rainy season, to start in February. Wisely, Emperor Haile Selassie's now well-armed armies continued to hold off from the invader, counting more on terrain and the coming inclemency than on Mausers and tasseled spears.

Masaryk Bows Out

"The whole world salutes him as he steps down. Without Masaryk it is almost certain there would be no independent Czechoslovakia as we know it to-day."

Briefly, the London *Daily Telegraph* thus caught the world's tribute to the George Washington of Czechoslovakia, Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, Father of his country and its first President, who ceremoniously resigned last week, recommending his old friend, Dr. Edouard Benès, foreign minister, as his successor.

At eighty-five he refused, like America's first President, to carry on any longer because he felt a decline of his physical powers. Unlike Washington, however, it took him four instead of two terms to decide he had had enough of office.

Bald, bearded, yet vigorous and robust despite his years, Masaryk was born at Hrdonin, in southeastern Moravia, on March 7, 1850, the son of a coachman and a cook.

Began as Blacksmith

"He worked for a time as a blacksmith in Vienna and finally gained entrance to the University there," recalled the New York *Herald Tribune*. "He was graduated in 1876 and went to Prague as a Professor of Philosophy. He soon became interested in journalism and politics, however, and founded the Realist Party to reawaken the national aspirations of his compatriots under Hapsburg rule.

"His great chance came on the outbreak of the World War. From 1914 he toiled abroad ceaselessly for the cause of Czech and Slovak independence. He pleaded his case in England, Russia, and the United States. . . ."

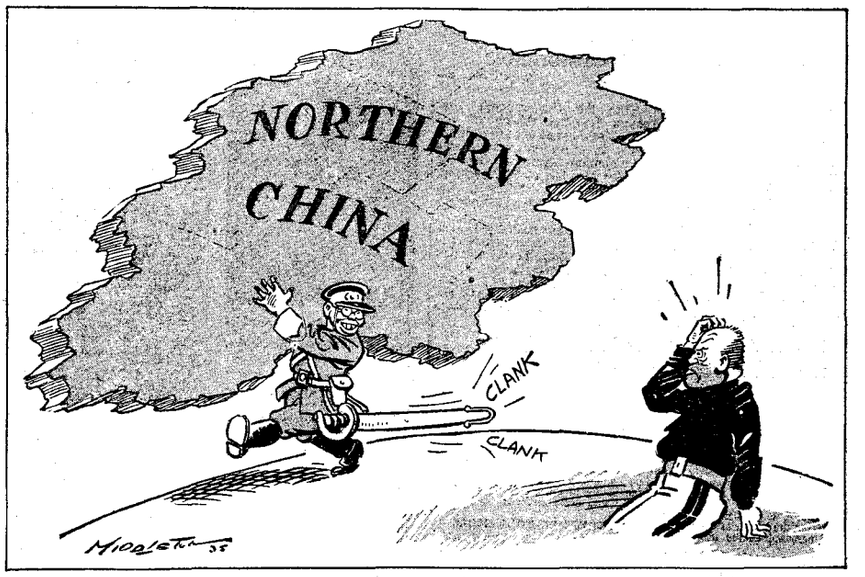
In point of fact, the declaration of Czechoslovakian independence was issued from America on October 18, 1918, after a National Council, formed in Paris, had received approval of the Allied Powers.

The Republic was proclaimed eighteen days later. Masaryk was elected first President. He received this news by telegraph while attending a dinner in Washington. He departed immediately for Europe.

In another way was Czechoslovakia's Grand Old Man attached to the United States. In 1878 he married Charlotte Garrigue, daughter of a Brooklyn insurance man, who was then studying, as was Masaryk, at Leipzig. She died in 1923.

Two Nebulous North China "States"

Japanese Map-Makers Create Pair of Councils; Pro-Tokyo Cabinet at Nanking; Student Demonstrations Futile



Japan: "You still can't understand how I did the Manchuria trick? Let me show you again, Signor!"

—Birmingham (England) Gazette

Japanese military map-makers, prepared to carve a new Tokyo-controlled domain out of five rich Northern Chinese Provinces, were begrudgingly content last week to chart instead these two small and somewhat nebulous "States":

(1) The Eastern Hopei Communist Prevention Autonomous Council.

(2) The semi-autonomous Hopei-Chahar Political Council.

The first consists of about twenty-five counties, for the most part in Hopei and Chahar Provinces, which were demilitarized under the Tangku truce of 1933 terminating hostilities over Manchukuo.

Near Great Wall

They lie between Peiping and the Great Wall, and were seized by Yin Ju-Keng, Administrative Commissioner, who set up his capital at Tungchow, fifteen miles from Peiping.

Ruling approximately 14,000,000 persons and 30,000 square miles of territory—some of the richest in all China—Yin makes no secret of his pro-Japanese leanings. His wife, in fact, is a Japanese, and his brother-in law, a high officer in the Japanese Army.

The second "State" embraces most of Hopei and virtually all of Chahar Province, an area of about 185,000 square miles and a population of 41,000,000. Unlike the Eastern Hopei Government, it was set up with Nanking's blessing as a supposed compromise of the five-Province scheme of Tokyo.

At its head is General Sung Cheh-yuan, fifty-five-year-old military overlord of Hopei and Chahar. He is a big-league politician, with an engaging smile and a zest to entertain in the grand manner. The Council, of which he is Chairman, consists of seventeen other North China leaders predominantly pro-Japanese. The capital is at Peiping.

Some correspondents noted that official Japan was not entirely satisfied, while others gave the Council three months to live.

Cabinet Reshuffled

But if Tokyo lost some ground in this area, it gained in the Central Government at Nanking, to the south. The entire Executive Yuan (Cabinet) was reorganized with virtually all of the members educated in Japan and not identified with the anti-Japanese movement.

Pointing a warning finger, the Shanghai *Min Pao* said: "The Hopei-Chahar Council must not impair the nation's sovereignty and yield to external pressure, otherwise such an existence would not be tolerated by the people. The Council must not be a stepping-stone to separation of the northern Provinces from China."

"Prime Schemer"

Realistically, Frank Smothers, in a dispatch to the New York *Sun*, saw no other possibility. He said: "On the other hand, Maj.-Gen. Kenji Doihara, the prime schemer in the northern autonomy movement, and other Japanese who started out to get a five-Province [Hopei, Chahar, Shansi, Suiyuan, and Shantung] separate Government, certainly are not satisfied. They will not drop their North China game at this point."

Such comment was prophetic, since, before the week-end was through, Japanese troops had seized Kalgan, important caravan route between China and Russia across the Gobi desert, and Tangku, seaport of Tientsin and Peiping.

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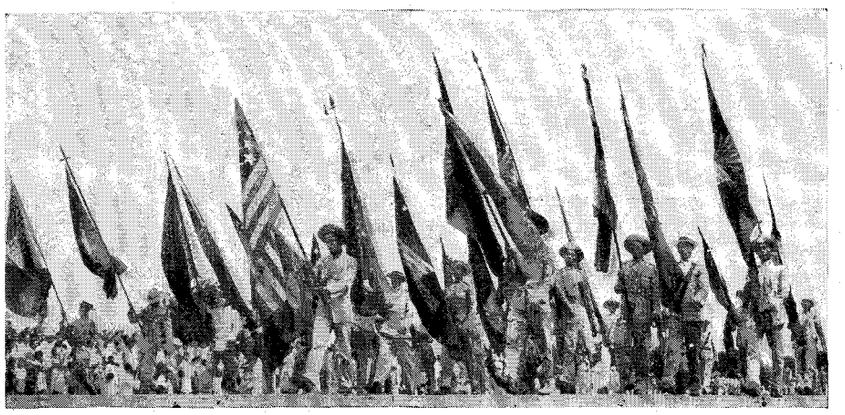
Philippine Freedom Ideal Fading?

Roy W. Howard Warns of Japan's "Stretched-Out Arm"; Quezon to Defend Program; Hongkong Editor Cynical



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Inauguration celebration in Manila. The question remains: Can the new Philippine flag take care of itself or does it need help from America?

"Lo and behold, *Uncle Sam*, all these Philippine riches and hold them," was the tenor of a message cabled from Manila December 10 by Roy W. Howard, Chairman of the Board, Scripps-Howard newspapers.

The territory is far too rich to be left undefended, he said in a letter to his newspapers, which reached Washington via the *China Clipper* air-mail.

But in his previous cable message, this enterprising, vigorous publicist and newspaper man declared flatly that the Filipino "dream of independence is fading fast."

Japan's arm, he added, "stretching out ever more menacingly and apparently intent on embracing the entire Orient, is to-day casting a dark shadow across the Philippines."

Reply by Quezon

Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippine Commonwealth, said in a statement issued at Manila in reply to Mr. Howard:

"Mr. Howard is known as one of the most independent newspaper publishers in the world and his opinions are his. All that I can say as President of the Philippines is that I have taken an oath to uphold and defend the Constitution of the Philippines."

The Manila *Herald* (Ind.) reminded its readers that the United States Congress had outlined "a definite program for us to accomplish" and it went on to say:

"The most sensible thing for us to do is to set our hearts and souls on it and get it done. Who can tell now what course Far Eastern politics will take ten years in the future? Nobody—and that includes Mr. Howard."

The Hongkong *South China Morning Post* (British) remarked rather scathingly that Mr. Howard "seems to have sacrificed some journalistic objectivity and to have acquired the subjective outlook of an enterprising broker." At the same time this newspaper said Mr. Howard had performed a service in presenting the matter to the notice of the American public. Yet it added:

"But are the Filipinos afraid of Japan? There has been strong Japanese economic penetration and Japan would readily accept the Islands as a gift. It is recalled that in the Far Eastern Olympic struggle the Philippines sided with Japan against China. Japanese-Filipino relations seem cordial, and therefore, if offered a choice of guardians, it would not be surprizing if the choice of the Philippines would be Japan.

"Doubtless Britain would welcome a rich block of English-speaking territory, which would form a further defense of Australia. Moreover, the Islands are flourishing economically. However, it is doubted that after thirty-five years of American democracy the Filipinos would cheerfully alter their political status to that of the natives of India, Malaya, and Hongkong."

Cuba's Electoral Turmoil

José A. Barnet, Cuba's seventy-one-year-old Secretary of State and veteran diplomat, automatically became Acting President of the Republic as successor to Carlos Mendieta, who resigned the Presidency at 1:10 A.M. on December 11.

Mendieta was the sixth President of Cuba since the downfall of Gerardo Machado on August 13, 1933, and had held office for almost two years. He explained that certain political factions considered him an obstacle to the holding of national elections, scheduled for December 15, but postponed.

On December 12 the mild-mannered Doctor Barnet was confirmed as Provisional President by the Electoral College, composed of the Council of State and the Cabinet. Well-informed observers, according to some Havana press-correspondents, felt that the new President would enjoy the full confidence of Col. Fulgencio Batista, Army Chief of Staff. This was considered important, it was said, in assuring the guaranties necessary for the elections planned by the Mendieta Government for January 10.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Ind.) remarked pessimistically:

"The obstacle to democratic reform in Cuba continues to be not the old Parties, but the Army; not the perennial aspirants for the Presidency, but the former top-sergeant Col. Fulgencio Batista, the generalissimo of the Cuban forces. Whoever is elected President of the Republic, Batista will remain the real ruler."

Door Ajar for Hapsburg

Many an Austrian has been bewildered trying to learn Prince Ernst Rüdiger von Starhemberg's feelings toward restoration of the Hapsburgs.

But last week the tall, beak-nosed, thirty-six-year-old Prince, who could make himself King, for once was explicit enough for Little Austria to feel that it now fully understood him.

With all of his major political foes out of the way, the Vice-Chancellor and head of the Heimwehr said that nothing prevented the return of the young Hapsburg Pretender, Otto, provided he accepted the Fascist corporative program of the late Chancellor Dollfuss.

Hapsburgs and History

"The history of the Hapsburgs is Austrian history, and if the Austrians are thinking more and more of the monarchist form of government we can only say there is nothing in their hopes and aspirations which is contrary to the concepts of the Austrian Government as it is now constituted," he said, addressing the Fatherland Front.

"There is only one way to solve the question of Pan-Germanism. That is to give the leadership to the Austrians. We can no longer think of a great German nation but we must strive for an Austrian Reich."

"Which way should Austria turn?" asks the Montreal *Star*. "Economically, Austria is truncated; a head without a body. She is hopelessly dependent for existence upon her neighbors. She dare not offend Italy or Germany. At the same time, in the long run, she must rely upon Britain and the League Powers to preserve her independence, rather than upon her hungry German or Italian neighbors."

Universal Newsreel from Soibelman

Prince von Starhemberg: "We must strive for an Austrian Reich"

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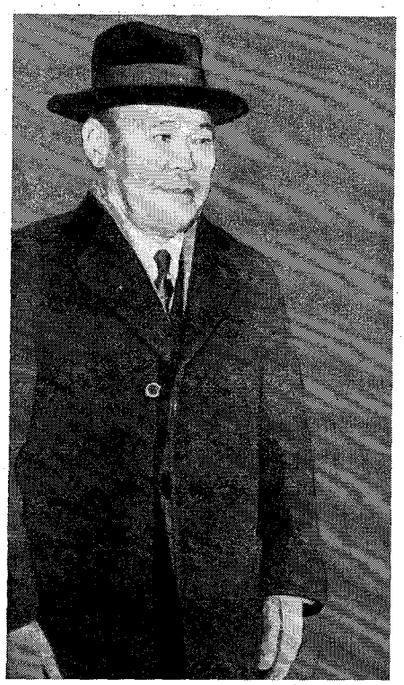
Naval Parley's Table Japanned

Admiral Nagano Applies Lacquer With Stiff Brush While Other Powers Bring Out Whitewash to Cover Tokyo's Demand for Parity

"How much was accomplished at the conference?" asked an inquisitive reporter who fancied he had a flair for deep politics.

"About this much," said Admiral Osamu Nagano, holding up two pudgy fingers.

Asked to explain such pessimism, the



Wide World

Japanese Admiral Nagano: "You have heard the story about too many cooks"

genially bluff Japanese Supreme War Councilor amplified in brisk Harvardian:

"Well, you have heard the story about too many cooks spoiling the broth."

That was exactly two and two-thirds years ago, after an earlier naval conference.

Two days later, the bland, ever-grinning Nipponese, who is, perhaps, more renowned for astute diplomacy than for command of naval strategy, amplified this two-fingered view at the White House when he became the first Japanese Governmental official to be received by President Roosevelt:

"Japan favors reduction of naval armaments in order to reduce the financial burden on the people, but the method of reduction must be very carefully selected. That is where the difficulty comes in. The trouble is not that there are too many naval experts at the conferences — there are too many countries."

There are not many countries at the present naval conference, which opened at London on December 9. Officially, there are only five: America, Britain, France, Italy, and Japan; unofficially, Germany and Russia are represented.

Last week, Admiral Nagano startled all countries except his own with a demand for a "common upper limit" for the Japanese Navy. Britishers and Americans called the grizzled, genial navalist's demand a euphemism for "naval parity" with their fleets.

From the other four official participants in the round-table conference the reply was a curt "No." Germany's unofficial delegate was cool. The Russian observer was frigid.

For once, a naval conference was almost agreed — that Japan certainly wouldn't leave London with a Tokyo-dictated treaty in Admiral Nagano's capacious pocket.

Throughout this maritime horse-trading, the Admiral is using an interpreter. However, his "common upper limit" demand was made in the diplomatic English he learned as a naval attaché at Washington.

Four Times Wed

The Admiral likes to jest about his home life, pointing to the fact that he has been married four times. He took up bridge while on the way to this conference.

Some clews to the arguments he may advance might be elicited from Japanese newspaper comment. *Nichi Nichi* (Tokyo) admonishes:

"Britain and America are not going to have their way. The hope for successful issue lies in making the United States accept the Japanese plan.

"In the event the United States continues to advocate ratios, and still favors naval operations in the Pacific, suspicions will arise that America has aspirations in the Orient. Why not abandon ratios entirely, and prove Ambassador [Norman Hezekiah] Davis's contention that the three Powers do not need to fear one another."

Yet *Jiji* (Ind.-Cons.) has by no means given up hope: "Japan and America are widely apart in their points of view, but the conference is only beginning, and it is too early to become pessimistic."

Frank Statement

There is no pessimism in the summary of naval disarmament problems, Rear-Adm. Kiyoshi Noda writes for *Contemporary Japan:*

"In discussing the limitation of armaments, the object of which is the defense of the respective countries, what justification is there for going beyond the sphere of one's own national defense, and considering, as a condition of such limitation, events and circumstances in the immediate vicinity of Japan?

"Would it be unreasonable if the Japanese were to look upon such an attitude as an insult to their status as an independent nation?

"And, if anxiety for the preservation of peace in the Far East is the real explanation of the attitude of the United States and Great Britain, as is declared, would they not be wise to trust Japan, and to cooperate with her in an undertaking which is of far greater concern than it can possibly be to them?"

Egypt Asks Self-Rule

King Restores Constitutional Government—With Reservations

Renewed rioting broke out in Cairo on December 9, led by young Egyptians in ugly mood because of the slaying of a youth and the wounding of a girl student. Both were shot when police fired on rioters.

Altho it was Ramadan, a fast month,

European

Mustapha Pasha Nahas, leader of the Wafd, the Egyptian Nationalist Party

the Cabinet of Premier Mohamed Tewfik Nessim Pasha decided, at a special meeting, on December 11, to resign unless a change were made in the British policy regarding Egypt's return to the 1923 Constitution.

King Fuad signed a royal decree on December 12 restoring constitutional Government to Egypt.

The next day, however, popular enthusiasm over King Fuad's decree subsided somewhat when it was learned that the King attached reservations.

The Daily Telegraph (London; Cons.), reputedly close to the Government, said:

"It may be hoped that the Wafd (Nationalist Party), led by Mustapha Pasha Nahas, and their temporary allies will cease to arouse the always excitable intelligentsia in Egypt to anti-British excesses."

No time ever has been more propitious for a genuine Anglo-Egyptian understanding than the present, observed *The News Chronicle* (London; Lib.), and it added:

"The Italian attack on Abyssinia has made it the evident interest both of Egypt, and of this country, to agree, without delay, on the points in dispute between them."

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Russia's Man of Steel

Stalin, at Fifty-Six, is World's Most Powerful Dictator; Yet He is Only a Minor Official of Soviet Government

In Russia they have a name for him. For that matter so has the rest of the world. It's Stalin, and it means steel. Fifty-six years ago the twentieth of this month he was born Yosef [Joseph] Vissarionovitch Djugashvili to a miserably poor family in the village of Gora, near Tiflis, in Georgia.

To-day he, whom his friend the late Henri Barbusse, in his just-published book, "Stalin" (Macmillan), termed "the man with a scholar's mind, a workman's face, and the dress of a private soldier," is the most powerful dictator in the world.

In appearance he is not particularly striking. He is only five feet, five inches tall. His thick hair is graying slightly. His mustache like his eyebrows, is dark and bushy. He has flashing eyes. His face is oval and pock-marked, the nose aquiline. He is of medium weight.

Early Training

His father was a cobbler of peasant stock. His peasant mother, an exceptional woman, refused to have him follow in his father's footsteps. She sent young Yosef to school—a religious seminary. He remained only four years. Some state he left because of ill health. Others, however, including Barbusse, assert he was expelled for political activities.

Anyway, he became a "professional revolutionary" after that and, as Anita Brenner wrote in *The New York Times Magazine*, "rose gradually to higher and higher posts in the Bolshevist Party, bringing to them a greater accumulation of political skill and the character of a veteran guerrilla; caution, distrust, patience, timed boldness, ruthlessness, and exhaustionless activity."

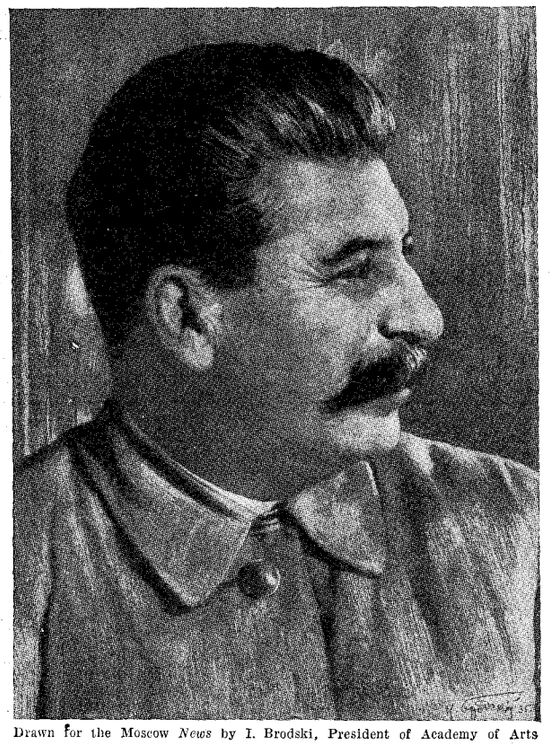
For political reasons and to avoid arrest he assumed the name Stalin. It expresses to-day his own and the world's idea of him.

The London Morning Post once wrote of him: "Joseph Stalin (which is not his real name), Dictator of Russia (which is not his title), is in reality only a minor official of the Soviet Government. He is but one of the three hundred or so members of the Central Executive Committee, yet he is the first man of Russia to-day.

"Altho serving as secretary of the All-Russian Communist Party, Stalin is not a Russian. He speaks his native Georgian perfectly, but his Russian is marked with a decided accent. Educated in a monastery, he lends his considerable force to the suppression of religion. . . .

"Neither an engineer nor an economist, he conceived and forced through the greatest project of economic construction in history, the Five-Year Plan. He lives in a palace of the Czars. . . .

"Everybody knows about Stalin, but nobody knows him, not even his confidential secretary, who looks like a peasant retainer of the old Georgian Stalin family."



Drawn for the Moscow *News* by I. Brodski, President of Academy of Arts

Stalin: "A scholar's mind, a workman's face, and the dress of a private soldier"

He does not care for ostentation or show. He wears, in winter, a dark olive-green, military-type jacket buttoned at the neck, khaki riding-breeches and top boots. His followers emulate his attire.

He smokes a pipe incessantly and it is said his favorite tobacco is an American brand. He hesitates, however, to smoke this non-Soviet product in public. Between courses at dinner he puffs on his pipe, which always lies beside his plate.

He is an omnivorous reader and has a somewhat ponderous sense of humor. He likes chess and alcohol, particularly brandy, but does not drink to excess. His relaxations are few. He is fond of the theater and the ballet. He goes to the movies occasionally.

He rules, Kyrill Kakabadse once wrote of him in *The Sunday Express*, London, "over a quarter of the world. He governs the lives of 170,000,000 people. There is no ruler in the world to-day with such absolute power.

"The world outside Russia imagines that Stalin lives in the quiet manner to be expected of the world leader of Communism. That is not so.

"Stalin lives in a style that costs his country quite as much as any of the Czars who made Russia an Empire. . . . In the Kremlin . . . Stalin has chosen for himself the vast apartments occupied by Ivan the Terrible. . . ."

But it was a long, thorny road from the humble birthplace of the Dictator to the palace of a Czar. He knew hardships, banishment, imprisonment. Several times he was exiled to Siberia, the first time in 1904.

Following the Menshevik Revolution of February, 1917, he was liberated from prison, and became one of Lenin's closest associates in the November revolution that year. In 1919 and 1920 he served as People's Commissar for Workers' and Peasants' Inspection. From 1920 until 1923 he was a member of the Revolutionary Military Council of the Republic.

Ascendant Star

His star was then definitely ascending. Gradually, surely, relentlessly, he eliminated his rivals. In 1927 his chief opponent, Trotzky, and ninety-eight of his supporters were expelled from the Communist Party. In 1928 Trotzky and others were banished. To-day Trotzky, broken in health, without funds, is an exile.

And Stalin rules Russia, "inaccessible to joy, to ecstasy, to any sort of sentiment that might make him yield to a human impulse," wrote Grigo Robakidse, a fellow Georgian, in the Berlin *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*.

His "great weapons are self-mastery and irony. He is incomparable in the use of these. Slowly, deliberately, Stalin gets beneath the skin of an opponent. . . .

"Nothing could be colder, nothing could be more intimidating than the single stare projected from the sockets of Stalin's eyes when he rises to crush a critic, a questioner, a whole opposition. This look alone has beaten a foe before the battle began at all."

Enormous Endurance

But Stalin has more than just the ability to stare an opponent out of countenance. "He has," says John Gunther in *Harper's Magazine* for December, "durability, physique. He suffers from a dilated heart, but otherwise his physical strength and endurance are enormous. . . .

"He has patience, tenacity, concentration. His perseverance, as Walter Duranty has said, is 'inhuman.' He is a slow builder of bricks. . . . His line is undeviating; he takes only the 'long view.'. . .

"Stalin has shrewdness, cunning, craft. He is, of course, an Oriental; moreover, he admits it. 'Welcome,' he said to the first interviewer, a Japanese, whom he ever received; 'I, too, am an Asiatic.' . . .

"When candor suits his purpose no man can be more candid. He has the courage to admit his errors, something few other dictators care to do. . . .

"He is completely uninterested in money. Like all the Soviet leaders, he is a poor man; no breath of financial scandal has ever touched any of them. . . . There is no wealth in all of Russia he could not have if he wanted it."

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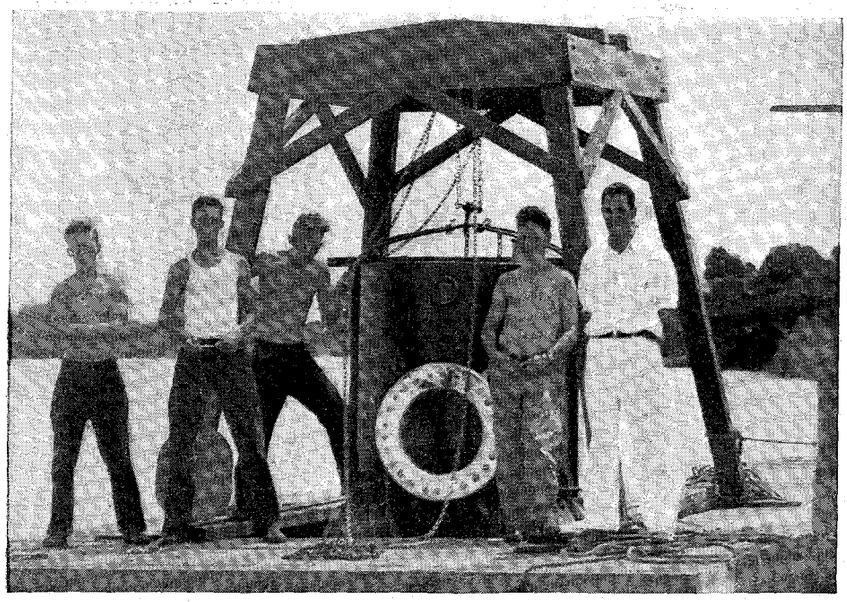
Underwater Spies

Down Goes the "Bentharium" to Bottom of the Bay, and No Fish's Private Life Is Safe from Scientists' Prying Eyes



The "Bentharium" and its crew, ready for a trip to the bottom of Chesapeake Bay

"'Twenty feet,' came a voice. A moment later we heard a grinding and crunching beneath us. We were on the bottom. The chains gave a final groan and then silence settled over us. Outside, a cloud of sediment . . . floated up like smoke and slowly drifted away. . . ."

In this other-worldly manner ended the first voyage of the most whimsical, ungraceful, and astonishing craft conceived since Jules Verne. It was the "Bentharium," named from two Greek words meaning "a room at the bottom of the sea"; the proud handiwork of Prof. Reginald Van Trump Truitt, Director of the Chesapeake Biological Laboratory at Solomons Island, Maryland, and Gilbert C. Klingel, a naturalist, who described it recently in the Baltimore *Sun*.

Fascinating Business

These men pursue a fascinating business: investigating how fish live their watery lives, in a dim-lit world that man seldom enters. They have tried it with all manner of devices, from helmets to diving-suits. In 1933, exasperated with uncomfortable makeshifts, they called in an engineer and drew blue-prints. Then they found they had to spend the better part of two years with plans, conferences, tests, and experiments.

By last August the "Bentharium" stood ready; a steel cylinder six feet high, four feet in diameter, pierced with a glass observation-window two feet across and a smaller quartz window in the top. A derrick straddled it like a four-legged beast, carrying the cylinder on a chain, ready to lower it through a well-hole in the middle of the barge *Patuxent*, into a new and strange world.

"We arranged our first shift with Louis

Unretouched photograph of a diver twelve feet under water, as seen from observation-window of the "Bentharium"

Putens [a fellow naturalist] and myself as divers," wrote Mr. Klingel. "We quickly dropped inside. . . . The manhole cover slammed shut, cutting out the sunlight and air.

"A trapped feeling came over me. Here we were, bolted securely in a steel cylinder ready to drop beneath the green waters of the Chesapeake. Suppose the glass should break or the chain tear apart? Or the seams develop a sudden leak that we would be unable to stop?

"A voice came down the speaking tube. 'O.K. down below?' I . . . looked at Putens . . . and replied: 'All right, lower away. . . .'

"A grinding, crunching noise came to our ears as the chain fall began to revolve slowly. We glanced at the walls, examining the fittings.

"Down we went. At six feet . . . the window showed a uniform opalescent green, shading almost imperceptibly toward the depths. At ten feet . . . the water was losing its yellowish tinge and becoming greener.

"At this depth a large nettle came into view, pulsing with slow, even strokes of its umbrella-like body. At first it appeared merely as a whitish haze in the distance. As it approached it assumed form and shape, until we could see every detail of its delicate filmy tissue. Inside the body we could make out the form of a Nereid worm that had blundered into one of the poisonous tentacles.

Underwater Grace

"We could now appreciate the full beauty and grace of the creature in a manner never possible with [diving] helmets. . . . The last we saw of the nettle it was pulsing out into the haze, beautifully backlighted by the silvery-green sheen reflected from the surface. . . .

"An impression of intense calm pervaded everything. We remained on the bottom more than an hour, making notes and enjoying the spectacle of our feeding fishes."

Twenty feet isn't far—except when it moves you into a new universe. Last week Professor Truitt drew up a log of things already observed from the room at the bottom of the sea.

"We have been convinced for some years that the best way to study marine life is to observe it in its natural setting," he explained to THE LITERARY DIGEST, "rather than isolated in containers such as finger-bowls and watch glasses, the common practise.

Pioneer Efforts

"We pioneered in the construction and use of hoods for diving. The 'Bentharium' was developed only because of the many ever-present difficulties experienced with diving-hoods. . . . No records for depth-diving are contemplated."

But of other kinds of odd diving there have been plenty: dives during storms, during all hours of the day and night, in likely places and unlikely ones, near the shore and out in the deeps.

The waters of Chesapeake Bay are virtually filled with living matter; innumerably more creatures than the wildest naturalist's imagination would have guessed. Iridescent, translucent, misty forms are constantly intermingling with fishes, crabs, and worms.

Oyster-beds and grassy bottoms are the most thickly populated areas, but masses of water life are found everywhere.

Underwater life—jelly-like creatures as well as fish—becomes more active at night than at any other time. The voyagers of the "Bentharium," probably the first humans to invade the privacy of the night-life of the fish, had many an intimate glimpse of their activities. The fish enjoyed the visits, too. They came in swarms to view the strange animals from the upper world; artificial light attracted them by the myriad.

When there was no artificial light, the

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light-bearers among the water creatures put on a show of their own: dazzling pyrotechnic displays that lasted throughout the night, ranging from the pin-point flashes of microscopic animals to the star-shell lights of the big *Beroe*, the comb-jellyfish.

One clear morning the divers decided on a dawn-dive, to see what sunrise looks like to a fish.

Mr. Klingel's companion this time was Irving Hampe, another of the "Bentharium's" crew. They went down just as the faintest suggestion of light was appearing in the east. Under water it was still pitch dark, but presently the light increased, merging from faint gray to intense blue.

"We now supposed that our display of colors was over," wrote the naturalist. "The greatest surprize was yet in store for us . . .

Novel Sunrise

"At this moment the deck informed us that the edge of the sun had come over the horizon. In five minutes the edge of the window began to assume a pinkish tone, and shortly after turned a deep orange-red. Then rapidly the water itself began to alter. Yellow-green at first, then deep yellow, orange, and finally orange-red.

"Looking through the upper window we then saw the most marvelous display of all. Hurtling down through the orange water came great red balls of diffused light, quite awe-inspiring—red images of the sun itself rising above the horizon in a great crimson ball focused and shot downwards by the facets of the waves.

"I looked at Hampe crouched beside me. He was bathed in orange-red light, light that flared and dimmed as the balls of light reached our windows. We were nearly speechless with the unexpected beauty of it.

"Then swiftly the orange returned to the yellow, then yellow-green, and finally the brilliant translucent green of daytime . . . We gave the signal to come to the surface."

Beebe's Beam

Last week another underwater Argonaut, pilot of the *Bathysphere* that in 1934 extended man's venturings half a mile down into the ocean off Bermuda, also reported his summer's work. Dr. William Beebe told, in the *Bulletin* of the New York Zoological Society, how he had discovered a new way to addle the judgment of otherwise canny fish.

He fascinates them with a beam of ultra-violet light, which is completely invisible to human beings, but seems to be to fish what catnip is to kittens.

With a powerful new ultra-violet searchlight made by H. T. Strong, of New York, Doctor Beebe experimented from a wharf, and found he could dip up fish by the hundreds when the light was on. Next year he hopes to have a lamp four times as powerful, and expects to bedazzle rare subsurface fish until he can get close enough to entice them into his net.

Fish crowd into the narrow beam of ultra-violet light so thickly they can hardly move, and act as if greatly excited, impelled to stay in the beam. Some glow with unusual colors, fluoresce, like minerals such as willemite, when ultra-violet shines on them.

A Foe All But Vanquished

"White Plague," Less Than a Generation Ago the Foremost Death Cause, Snowed Under by Avalanche Started by One Man

Dr. Edward R. Baldwin conducting a class for nurses at Trudeau Sanatorium

"As I look back on my life, tuberculosis looms up as an ever-present and relentless foe," wrote Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau in his "Autobiography," published in 1915.

"It robbed me of my dear ones, it shattered my health when I was young and strong, and relegated me to a remote region, where, ever since, I have witnessed its withering blight laid upon those about me, and stood at the death-beds of many of its victims whom I had learned to love."

Fifty years ago at Saranac Lake, New York, in a wilderness forty-five miles from any railroad, Doctor Trudeau started the first tuberculosis sanatorium in the United States. And he launched an avalanche upon his "relentless foe" that now has it running for cover.

Last week the *Journal of the American Medical Association* presented some figures that go to show the size of that avalanche. There are 471 tuberculosis hospitals and sanatoriums in the country, 740 tuberculosis departments of hospitals, and twenty-nine places called "preventoriums," a total of 1,240 institutions for tuberculosis sufferers. These provide 95,198 beds, tho recently there has been an average of only 69,024 patients.

Story of the Battle

But these figures do not tell the story of the battle, only the size of the army. The good news was revealed recently in *This Week* by Dr. Louis I. Dublin, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

"Extraordinary progress has been achieved," wrote Doctor Dublin. "In 1900, tuberculosis was the leading cause of mortality and was responsible for more than 200 deaths per 100,000 population.

"Each succeeding year has seen reduction, until by 1934 the death-rate had fallen to around fifty-six, only slightly more than a quarter of what it was a third of a century before.

"In 1934 five States had rates of under 25 per 100,000, Wyoming reaching the low point with its rate of 18.5.

"With each year witnessing 4,000 less deaths from tuberculosis than the year before the great white plague is vanquished."

One of Trudeau's famous early patients was Robert Louis Stevenson, who came in October, 1887, with his mother. "The Lantern Bearers," "A Christmas Sermon," and parts of "The Master of Ballantrae" were written at Saranac Lake.

In 1887 two sisters came, the Misses Carolyn and Amy Pentland. Carolyn, now Mrs. C. P. Lindsay, of Albany, New York, is still living. Recently she recalled, for A. Schaeffer, Jr., in the *Journal of the Outdoor Life*, what existence at Saranac was like in those days.

The famous Little Red Cottage, in which she stayed, was a one-room structure, equipped with two beds, two wash-stands, two chairs, a dresser and a square soapstone stove set into a little fireplace.

Trudeau's Successor

In 1892 a quiet, sallow young doctor with drooping mustaches, Edward Robinson Baldwin, arrived from New Haven, Connecticut. He, too, had tuberculosis. He planned to remain only a few months. Instead, tho cured, he stayed forty-three years. To-day he is Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Trudeau Sanatorium, and the mantle of Doctor Trudeau has fallen upon his shoulders.

Credit for carrying on the battle at Saranac Lake after Doctor Trudeau died in 1915 goes to him. Diffident, fragile, Doctor Baldwin in appearance is enough like his famous predecessor to pass as a double for him.

Trudeau Sanatorium now has beds for 185 patients, an endowment of $1,250,000, and a remarkable record of "cures." Of the first hundred patients, taken in nearly fifty years ago, two are still living. Of the first thousand, 121 still survive, most of them between sixty and seventy-five years old.

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Light on Heavens' High Places

Washington Scientists Propose Flashing "Finger-Printed" Beam Into Skies; Stratosphere—Unknown World Beckoning Explorers

Manned stratosphere-balloons probably have reached their practical ceiling. The cost in money, the peril to man-power is too great for the results.

Science, however, is not content. It will continue to explore the icy, dark purple of the high layers of the atmosphere. A finger of light, which won't crash, and can't fail, will spear its way miles into the skies for information no man could live to bring back.

Up there, somewhere between the 72,395-foot record set six weeks ago by Capts. Albert W. Stevens and Orvil A. Anderson and the cold of outer space, lies a world of mystery.

There, weather is controlled; a thin, gassy shield of ozone protects us from the murderous ultra-violet rays of the sun. There, also, lie the invisible electrical reflecting-mirrors which bounce radio waves back to earth, and make broadcasting possible.

Some scientists even believe there exists a layer of boiling temperature hotter than anything on earth. Most scientists know that there, definitely, are the regions where the aurora weaves its patterns of frozen flame.

Unknown World

"A world such as this calls as imperiously for exploration as an unknown continent," Peter van Dresser challenged recently in *Harper's Magazine*. And then he asked if any ship could or would be built to shatter its way into this forbidding area.

No ship will be, and no men will ride it, scientists reply. Last week, in Washington, three of them gave partial answer to Mr. van Dresser. A finger of light, which can't be damaged, will poke into those dark, high layers. Every foot of the way the air-particles will reflect back part of it, and, in doing so, the particles will alter the beam, a little.

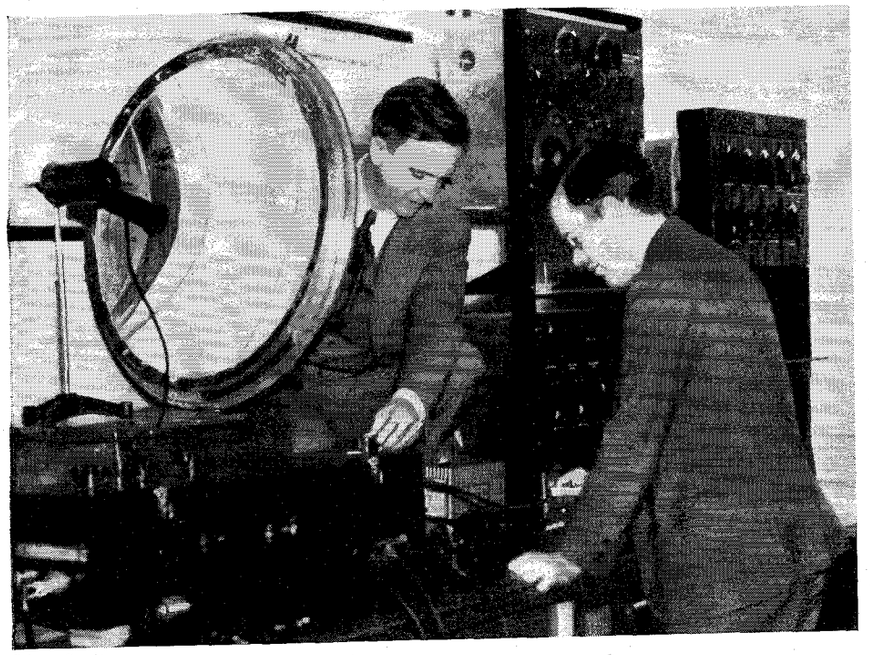
From these changes, physicists will be able to tell whether the particles were hot or cold, electrified or neutral, close together, as in dense air, or far apart, as in a partial vacuum.

Secrets of Skies

Five years ago a British physicist, Dr. E. H. Synge, declared that beams of light could be made to reveal the secrets of the skies. He tried to get the British Army and Navy to assemble hundreds of powerful search-lights and focus them on one place in the upper air.

Scientists were quick to show that the reflected light would be like any other light from the night sky. They explained the need of "finger-printing" a beam so that its reflected parts could be identified.

The three men in Washington have furnished such a beam. They are Dr. Merle Antony Tuve, young, eager physicist, whose clear features light up as he talks about the new light; Dr. Oliver Reynolds Wulf, of the Bureau of Chemistry and Soils, United States Department of Agriculture, and chunky, purr-voiced Dr. E. A. Johnson, of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Doctor Tuve has accomplished some distinguished atom-smashing; his colleague, Doctor Wulf, is noted for his researches into the way molecules are put together.



Science Service

Dr. M. A. Tuve (left) *and Dr. E. A. Johnson setting up apparatus for use in detecting "finger-printed" light scattered twenty to fifty miles above the earth*

Last week, in *The Physical Review*, they collaborated on an explanation of the proposed invasion by light. They will finger-print their beam by butchering it. It will be chopped up into a series of rapid flashes. The receiving instruments for picking up the reflected light will be tuned to the rhythm of the flashes, much as a radio set is tuned to given wave-lengths. They simply will ignore all other kinds of light.

"So far," *Science Service* reports, "tests have been confined to artificial light in the laboratory, but field-tests are being organized, probably with the aid of large Army-type search-lights of great brilliance. Just one large search-light is expected to furnish enough light for the experiment, thanks to the device of using 'chopped' light.

"From what happens to the light, in the upper air's greatest unknown region, will come the answer to some questions that science is eagerly asking.

"In no other way can science adequately probe the region twenty to fifty miles above the earth."

Swift Moving

Science has moved swiftly in four years. In 1931, thin, diffident little Dr. Auguste Piccard, Belgian scientist, made the world conscious of the stratosphere when he took off in a gondola roped to a hydrogen balloon.

He and his companion floated ten miles up, and landed safely, several hours later, on a glacier in Switzerland. Since then, a Russian gondola has soared to a new record, only to smash itself and its occupants, together with their scientific findings. The United States has sent expeditions into the stratosphere.

Lotteries for Lives

Medical editors are apt to strike hard and sure when Government attempts to meddle with the profession of healing, but seldom do they venture into the uncertain field of social regulation unprovoked.

This week Dr. Arthur C. Jacobson, veteran Editor of the *Medical Times* (New York) breaks the tradition with an idea that may startle and amuse that magazine's 14,000 medical readers.

Careful Doctor Jacobson has been mulling it over for some time, and finally decided to speak out. It's a possible way to solve the traffic accident problem, he explains, by offering a "sporting" incentive to careful motorists.

Let each State open a lottery, or "safety competition," and sell tickets at $2 each to drivers when they renew their operators' licenses. Opportunity to purchase chances will be open only to drivers who have been in no accidents and violated no traffic rules for a year.

Prizes in ordinary years might begin at $50,000 and number about 100 in all. Every five years the prizes could be doubled, to offer extra incentive. There would still remain millions annually, Doctor Jacobson calculates, that could be used to support safety campaigns, endow hospitals, and the like.

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Cardinal Aroused to Battle

Hayes Denounces Birth-Control Propaganda; Recalls Theodore Roosevelt's Stand; Holds "Case Closed" for Catholics

Schoolboys jeered at Patrick Joseph Hayes because he took his religious training seriously. He developed a left hook in consequence, and won the respect he demanded. One of those who befriended him and stuck by him was another little East-Side boy, George Mundelein. Many years later the two boys from the sidewalks of New York went to Rome together to receive the Red Hat from Pope Pius XI.

One, George Cardinal Mundelein, is now Archbishop of Chicago and the other, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, in his sixty-ninth year, reigns over the New York Archdiocese, which covers 4,717 square miles of territory and has a Catholic-church population of 1,273,291. Cardinal Hayes has dropped the left hook, but has not forgotten how to fight.

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Patrick Cardinal Hayes, who denounced the "prophets of decadence"

Mild-mannered usually, as good fighters often are, he is aroused to wrath only when the principles in which he and 20,000,000 other American Catholics believe are the object of attack. He has struck out at Communism and social and economic injustice.

More recently—it was on the observance of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, a cardinal date in the Catholic calendar—he denounced advocates of contraception. "Cardinal Shepherd" and defender of the poor, he asks if those in humble circumstances are like cattle that they should be advised to practise birth control.

The immediate occasion of Cardinal Hayes's denunciation of the "prophets of decadence" was the Carnegie-Hall mass meeting the week before (The Literary Digest, December 14) which indorsed giving birth-control information to mothers on relief.

The subject, he told a congregation of 3,000 from the pulpit of St. Patrick's Cathedral, embarrassed him. But speak he did, and that forthrightly.

"President Theodore Roosevelt called birth control by its true name, race suicide," said the Cardinal. "History bears testimony to the part that the refusal of parenthood has played in the decline and fall of the great civilizations of antiquity. To-day in our own country the same process is already well under way. Its population is no longer reproducing itself. If judged by this standard, the United States is already a dying nation."

Himself a poor boy, orphaned at four, whose only recollection of his mother, Thomas Sugrue reports in *The New Yorker*, is "that she once carried him safely across Broadway through a maze of horse-cabs," Cardinal Hayes has a special interest in those on the tag-end of existence.

"The true lover of the poor to-day, and the true social scientist," said the "Cardinal of Charities"—another of his sobriquets—"knows that the right approach to the whole problem is not to keep people from having children, but is so to reorder our economic and social structure as to make it possible for people to have children and to rear them in keeping with their needs. Therein lies true social leadership."

But, above all, birth-prevention is against Catholic doctrine.

"This is a simple, direct, and clear statement," said the Cardinal. "The Church, 'to whom God has entrusted the defense of the integrity and purity of morals,' has acted in virtue of this divine commission to direct her children in accordance with God's law. From the moral standpoint the question is beyond the realm of dispute. For the Catholic, the case is closed."

Birth-Rate Figures

The American birth-rate did show an increase in 1934 over that of 1933. In 1934, the rate per 1,000 of population in the United States was 17.1 (a provisional figure), and in 1933 it was 16.6. But, in 1915, according to the United States Bureau of the Census, it was 25.1. Tho there have been occasional rises, the general trend since 1915 has been downward, until it reached the low mark of 16.6 in 1933.

"The gratifying rise in the birth-rate recorded for the United States in 1934 was by no means world-wide," remarks *The Statistical Bulletin* of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. "The long-time declining tendency in fact was still in evidence in twenty of the thirty-four countries whose 1934 birth-rates have become available thus far.

"Clearly, however, the declining birth-rate still remains a problem in the social economy of fifteen nations, where the decreases in 1934, as compared with 1933, ranged from 1.2 per cent. in France and Switzerland to 5.4 per cent. in Spain, 5.6 per cent. in Austria, and 6.3 per cent. in Palestine."

Song and Heart-Break

Your clothing is frayed, and your heels are run down. You have not eaten well in a very long time, and, now, you must lift your voice and sing.

You must sing soaringly. If you do not, the four judges will turn their thumbs down, and for you there will be no relief from the Musicians' Emergency Aid.

So begins Earl Sparling, staff writer, in the New York *World-Telegram*. He continues:

No audition is easy, but this one which is held weekly in the Steinway Concert Hall, New York City, is the toughest of them all. And there are eight who have come, desperate and destitute, this morning, to brave it—three men and five women, several sopranos, a couple of pianists, a cellist, a contralto, *etc.* They sit in the foyer, nervous, aloof, preoccupied, awaiting the call.

At Zero-Hour

It is 9:30 A.M. now, the zero-hour, and an efficient young woman beckons the first in, one of the sopranos. To sing well at such an early hour is difficult in the best circumstances, but the soprano who now mounts the platform had best not think of that. There are two children and the rent is unpaid. She must sing well.

She sings, and the four judges, sitting at the back of the little auditorium, listen silently. At the end they write upon report-forms, and ask her sympathetically to

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try another song. Maybe she will do better this time. But she does even worse, and down go some additional words on the report forms. They ask her to sing still a third song. They keep her singing much longer than the customary six or eight minutes, for there must be no complaint later that she was not given every chance.

At last she has finished, a relief even to the untrained ear. She is ushered out. She won't do. She is not an artist and is not qualified for relief from the Musicians' Emergency Aid. But she will not learn that, unless she insists next week on knowing why she has not received any message.

Not Qualified

If she insists, she will be told then: "We are very sorry, but you do not qualify under our rules. You will have to obtain relief from some other agency. We shall do anything we can to help you obtain it in other quarters."

While the other aspirants are auditioning, Miss Hannah Moriarta, relief-secretary, explains why the ordeal is necessary: "Our funds are limited, and we are organized to help musical artists who are in distress."

About 50 per cent. of all who audition are rejected by the MEA. Of the 50 per cent. accepted for relief, about 25 per cent. can be rated as adequate musicians. And, sometimes, as happens on this morning, the judges are carried away by a performer.

It is the contralto who brings them to their feet on this morning. At the end of her first song they rise as a man and advance toward the platform.

"A beautiful voice."

"Where have you sung before, madame?"

"Oh, I was singing in Germany until the Nazis made me leave."

"Edward Johnson must hear you at the Metropolitan."

That's the way it goes and there is drama a-plenty. Miss Moriarta tells of the barytone, a very fine barytone, who came to the relief headquarters at 113 West Fifty-seventh Street, his pride humbled because he was hungry. She gave him money to tide him over the several days he must wait for the weekly audition. He sang and was accepted. That meant steady rent and food.

Clothes Problem

Meanwhile, the Placement Bureau got busy. A different kind of audition was arranged for him, a radio audition. But he did not have suitable clothing to make a presentable appearance. The clothing department got busy.

"Our wardrobe department is a very important part of our work," said Miss Moriarta. "If a concert singer on our relief-rolls gets a call to sing, she must have the proper clothes. We have dressed dozens and dressed them well, too. There can't be any half-way business about how a singer looks on the platform. Thanks to our patrons, we have stuff here from Chanel, Patou, Schiaparelli, and others. And you know how rich women are. Some of the dresses haven't been worn more than two or three times."

Santa Claus's Place in *The Sun*

Thirty-Eight Years Ago, Eight-Year-Old Virginia Wrote Editor: "Please Tell Me the Truth." . . . His Answer Lives

Wide World

Dr. Laura Virginia Douglas, who, as a girl, wanted to know about Santa Claus

"Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?" Thirty-eight years ago, Virginia O'Hanlon, then eight, wrote to the Editor of the New York *Sun* to settle the doubt which comes to all little boys and girls at some stage of their lives.

The letter was received by Edward P. Mitchell, then in charge of *The Sun's* editorial page, who turned it over to his associate, Francis P. Church, to answer. In his "Memoirs of an Editor," Mr. Mitchell writes that Mr. Church at first pooh-poohed the idea, but, finally, turned to his desk with an air of resignation.

"In a short time he had produced the article which has probably been reprinted during the past quarter of a century, as the classic expression of Christmas sentiment, more millions of times than any other newspaper article ever written by any newspaper writer in any language. Even yet no holiday season approaches without bringing to the newspaper requests from all over the land for the exact text for repeated use on Christmas Day."

The article appeared originally on September 21, 1897. Mr. Church died in 1906, after having contributed to *The Sun's* editorial page for thirty-five years. The Virginia whose query gave rise to the classic is now Dr. Laura Virginia Douglas, an assistant principal in the New York public-school system.

The answer she read in *The Sun* is reprinted here by permission:

Is There a Santa Claus?

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of THE SUN:

> "DEAR EDITOR—I am 8 years old.
> "Some of my little friends say there is no SANTA CLAUS.
> "Papa says 'If you see it in THE SUN it's so.'
> "Please tell me the truth, is there a SANTA CLAUS?
> "VIRGINIA O'HANLON.
> "115 West Ninety-fifth street."

VIRGINIA, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, VIRGINIA, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, VIRGINIA, there is a SANTA CLAUS. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no SANTA CLAUS! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in SANTA CLAUS! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch SANTA CLAUS, but even if they did not see SANTA CLAUS coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees SANTA CLAUS, but that is no sign that there is no SANTA CLAUS. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, VIRGINIA, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No SANTA CLAUS! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, VIRGINIA, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

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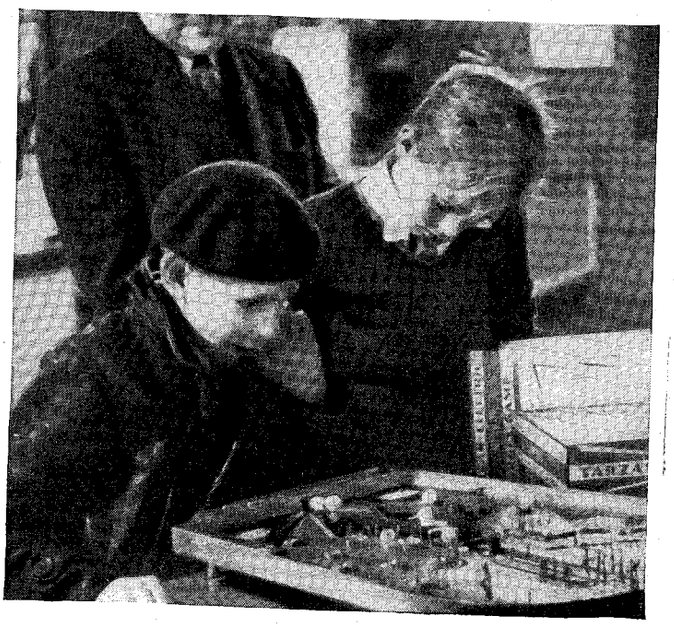
Unmistakable Signs of Christmas



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Unaware of the candid cameraman, these children are intent on finding out what Santa Claus *(in a New York store) has to offer this season*

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The Theater Goes a-Maying

New Romberg Play Has Music, but No Gauds or Girls; Begins With a Homicide; Odets Drama Mildly Chekhovian

De Mirjian Studio

Vera Van and Walter Slezak in "May Wine," a bubbling play with music

A quivering dramatist, fearful that his new wonder-work was less than majestic, demanded of George S. Kaufman, one day, what he thought of it.

"I liked the play," Mr. Kaufman replied, "but the actors got in the way."

That, until now, has been the sullen curse of operetta. Makers of this type of show never have been satisfied to let the principals sing and the music intoxicate the audience. It was considered not quite cricket to loose an operetta on the cash-and-carry public unless it carried a full complement of 120 chanting chorus-girls, eighty sugar-footed chorus-boys, and eight tons of scenic investiture.

Laurence Schwab, himself in past time not free from the sin of secreting a lyric mouse under a mountain of useless decoration, destroys the ancient formula with "May Wine," an operetta so stripped of gauds that it is simply a play with music.

Barbed Romance

It is a Viennese romance, direct as an arrow and twice as barbed. It is the frivolous Vienna of spring in the Prater, of lunch at Sacher's, of the people who never grow up, but have a nice time trying.

No one could sit down and report the plot. It would be like taking a butterfly apart with blacksmith pincers.

It is a crisp and delicious notion, this "May Wine," a production without a fleck on its sheen to show that it has passed through a dozen hands, not one of which mauled it. When it is all over audiences are conscious that nothing important, nothing imperative, has taken place, but that something flavorous has. They have sat, merely, before some of the glamour of which the theater is capable when it steps down from its soap-box and goes a-Maying.

Walter Slezak, young Austrian singer; Nancy McCord, and Walter Woolf King are the stars performing, respectively, the hero, the heroine, and the amiable villain in a Romberg-tuned version of a spring in Vienna when a naïve psychologist met a designing baroness.

"When at the beginning of 'May Wine,'" writes Percy Hammond in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "Mr. Slezak admits to the police that he has slain his wife, doubts arise concerning the opera's probity as a serenade. For Mr. Slezak is a lovable barytone, addicted to music rather than murder, and you feel that the fifth commandment would be the least likely to attract his disobedience. . . . With Mr. Slezak, Miss McCord, Miss Vera Van, and Mr. King singing some of Sigmund Romberg's most luscious tinkles and melodies, it may be emphasized that 'May Wine' is quite an animated concert."

Gilbert Gabriel, in the New York *American*, flicks at a brace of frailties, and then atones for the whole picture, saying: "Still, there's more to 'May Wine' than clogs the eye. It is one of those fragrant and tasty concoctions which, poured in one ear, warms the affections and tickles the humors considerably before it flies out the other. Take it—and drink hearty."

* * *

Odets Steps Up

Clifford Odets's second full-length play, "Paradise Lost," is, in essence, exactly the same story he wrote for the first, "Awake and Sing," with the protagonists a little higher placed in the economic scale.

Since accomplishing that first stalwart, exciting play he has lost none of his fiery talent for expressing protest bluntly and picturesquely. He has lost the first honest directness which characterized his work and has, seemingly, involved himself in Chekhovian theories of oblique writing. There is, even, in the new play, a faint spirit of "The Cherry Orchard."

"Altho taken as a whole 'Paradise Lost' is not a play that adds to Mr. Odets's stature as a dramatist," John Mason Brown observes in the New York *Post*, "neither is it one that subtracts from it. In spite of the fact that it is overstuffed and confused—yes, and that it is often feeble just when it stands most in need of strength—its three overwhelmingly glum acts include excellent scenes, scenes that are richly and poignantly written, and that flame volcanically into life in Mr. Odets's best manner."

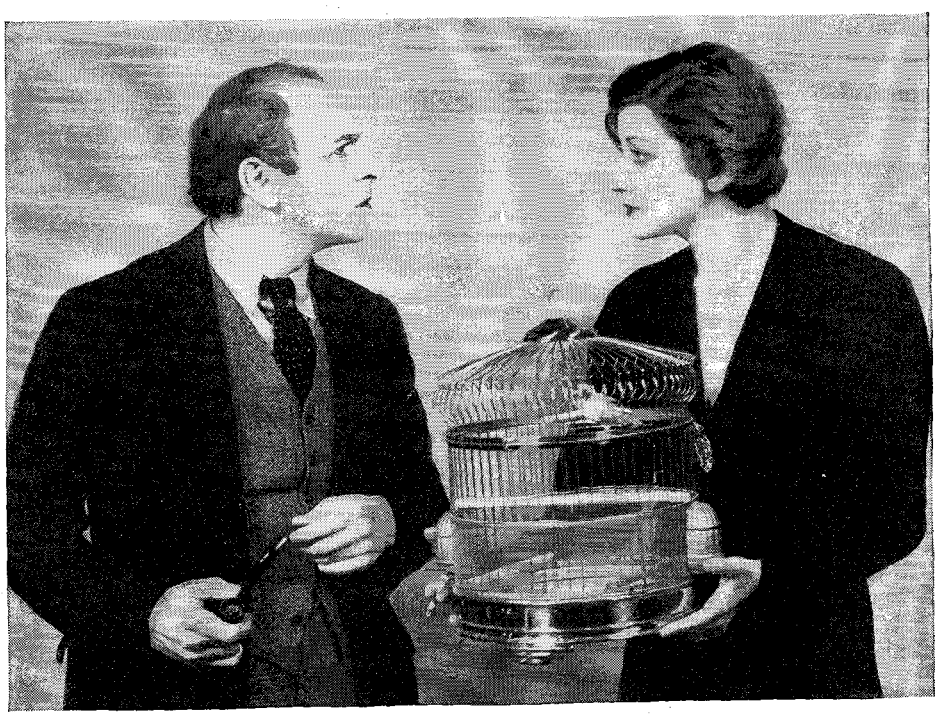
Searing Scorn

The young actor, who soared into fame last season at the peak of his "Awake and Sing" trailed by two tumultuous short plays, "Till the Day I Die" and "Waiting for Lefty," still demonstrates his power of indignation. He writes of modern injustice with searing scorn and contempt.

It is not to be held against him that he has toyed with Chekhov's dearest tricks, nor that he has failed to provide a new plot. His youth and his undeniable talent will extricate him from sameness. It is to be suspected that, for all his success and the mighty adulation that tumbled on his last season, life is still very much of a torment for him.

"Admitting," reports Robert Garland, in the New York *World-Telegram*, "that much of it is brilliant, this is not the great American play Mr. Odets may some day give us in a made-to-measure modern medium."

Mr. Odets still is, therefore, the White Hope of the Drama.



Vandamm

Leo *(Morris Carnovsky) orders his wife (Stella Adler) to get rid of their German canary, so greatly does he hate Hitler, in the new Odets play, "Paradise Lost"*

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Opera Takes Hollywood Hint

Modernized Metropolitan Company Starts Fifty-Third Season; New Wigs for Principals and New Gowns for the Chorus

The Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, a whit fluttery because of its eleven new singers and a modern point of view, began its fifty-third season last Monday night. It had $16,000 in the till, a new policy in the manager's office, "La Traviata" on the stage, and the rainbow thumb-print of Hollywood pressed over all of it.

No longer will opera-choruses sing in costumes looking like garments off a clothes-line, nor wear perukes looking like something burst full-formed from an old mattress. Edward Johnson, the tenor who became the Metropolitan's Manager last spring, took a hint from impeccable Hollywood and reorganized the wiggery and make-up departments. Other esthetic changes, cannily designed to woo lost patronage back to the aged pile of brick and harmony, include new settings. Jonel Jorgulescu contributed stage-and-film-type settings for the first opera.

"Duding" for Opera

The artists are in accord with the new policy of freer opportunity for singers and more beauty on the stage. Lawrence Tibbett, no stranger to Hollywood, brought back with him for the opening opera of the season conviction that grand opera needed "duding."

"Grand Opera is dying on its feet," he told the Associated Press, matter-of-factly. "I think it needs stirring up."

Nor was he perturbed by possible resentment from old-line conservatives among the patronage.

"Let 'em resent it. That's what we need —conflict, controversy. Without controversy we have stagnation. Hollywood has plenty to offer grand opera, and the opera would be wise to take all it has to offer. The opera needs to be humanized and popularized, and Hollywood is the medium to accomplish this."

Resentment Slight

The expected resentment did not flare. Or, if it did, it was of small proportion. The broadening of the opera's scope, its release from old forms, brought a 35 per cent. increase in subscriptions over the 1934 level, and reduced the average age of the patronage by twenty-five years. The Metropolitan Opera Guild, designed to stimulate younger interest, is held responsible for part of the record increase, innovations account for the remainder.

The new season already has old-line subscribers gasping in astonishment.

George Balanchine, ballet-master of the American Ballet Ensemble, and new choreographer for the Metropolitan, is excited about it.

"I feel strongly that we of the American Ballet must draw our inspiration from American life, past and present," he told William King of the New York *Sun*. "I believe 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' [which is on the season's schedule] will make a superb ballet—perhaps it can be danced to an arrangement of Stephen Foster's music."

One of the eleven opera débutantes lifted her first Metropolitan notes in "La Traviata." She was Thelma Votipka, American soprano, singing a small rôle in the opera. Around her, in more glittering rôles, were Lucrezia Bori, Richard Crooks, and Mr. Tibbett. The other ten ranged through the week thus, according to a tabulation made by the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Marjorie Lawrence, Australian soprano, as *Brunnhilde*, and Charlotte Symons, American soprano, as one of the *Valkyries* in 'Die Walküre,' Wednesday; Charles Kullmann, American tenor, in the title rôle, and Helen Oelheim, American contralto, and Hubert Raidich, Belgian basso, in other rôles in 'Faust,' Thursday; Edward Habich, German barytone, as *Peter* in 'Hansel und Gretel,' Friday afternoon; Gertrude Wettergren, Swedish contralto, as *Amneris*, and Chase Baromeo, American basso, as *Ramphis*, in 'Aïda,' Friday night; Julius Huehn, American barytone, as the *Herald*, in 'Lohengrin,' on Saturday afternoon, and Carlo Morelli, Chilean barytone, as *Marcello* in 'La Bohème,' Saturday night."

Edith Mason Back

Edith Mason, returning to the Metropolitan after more than a decade, will sing *Marguerite* in "Faust," and Genaro Papi makes his reentry to the Metropolitan, conducting "La Bohème."

The foibles of the opera-stars will receive every consideration at the hands of the two men who fit the Hollywoodized wigs to them. They are Adolf and Ira Senz, father and son.

They have fitted perukes to temperamental stars before now, and some of the most mercurial personalities in films have sat patiently to them. In Hollywood, they made a wig for Gloria Swanson, composed of golden strands shorn from a bevy of blondes, the total costing $12 an ounce.

"The Senzes," *The Herald Tribune* acknowledges, "are already familiar with the Metropolitan lay-out, since both have been assigned to the wig-making staff at one time or another. Ira has memorized the temperaments of the great divas. He knows that the hair-dresser must never speak in the presence of Frida Leider or Madame Olszewska, but that one is expected to maintain a steady chit-chat while working over John Charles Thomas, the barytone, and that Lawrence Tibbett also prefers a talkative hair-dresser. Ira Senz's favorite opera person is Kirsten Flagstad."

Beards, however, will not come under the new plan of bringing glamour to the opera. No Bohemian blondes or swart Italians will yield hair for these. Yak-hair from Tibet still is best for a beard. It crimps more realistically.

Lawrence Tibbett: "Grand Opera is dying on its feet: it needs stirring up"

Keystone

Lucrezia Bori, who sang the lead in "La Traviata" at Metropolitan opening

Keystone

Edward Johnson, Manager of the Metropolitan, who took a hint from Hollywood

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On the Current Screen

Herbert Marshall and Jean Arthur in new film, "If You Could Only Cook"

One of the unsolved, but amiable, mysteries of Hollywood is the facility which expert scenarists have for transforming a feather into an honest yard of dapper wool. The plot-structure of Columbia's new flippant comedy, "If You Could Only Cook," is strictly in the feather school of lightweight story-making. The resulting scenario, from the typewriters of Howard J. Green and Gertrude Purcell, is excellent entertainment.

There is no great mental strain involved in encompassing the plot: a self-made automobile-manufacturing millionaire is engaged to a young woman of society. He is not vastly pleased by the arrangement, and his torments are increased by a recalcitrant board of directors.

Job as a Couple

Taking his worries into a park one night, he sits alongside an unemployed girl, who is searching the want ads. They fall into talk, and she points out that if she could only cook, they could get a job as a couple. They try; they get it. They are employed as butler and cook for a racketeer.

He explains to her, later, that he is an automotive designer, and exhibits mechanical drawings of his new car to prove it. She, striving to be helpful, tries to sell them to a factory. They are recognized as for a car already marketed, and she is arrested.

Outraged Racketeer

Not knowing she is in jail, he quits the butler's job, and goes back to his real identity.

The racketeer, outraged at his behavior, takes the ex-butler from the altar at the point of a gun and takes him back to the cook. They marry.

What part of that plot isn't feather, is nice, lacy air. When the scenarists and the two stars, Herbert Marshall and Jean Arthur, have their way with it, it emerges as capital fun.

This opinion is registered by *The Hollywood Reporter*, which, describing a preview of the film, says:

"Built out of whimsy, and for fun and frolic, this picture provides one of the pleasanter hours you can spend in a theater. A pleasant idea, thoroughly pleasant in its production, acting, direction, and writing, one may put this down at the head of the bill."

As in half a dozen other recent pictures, a comparative newcomer to Hollywood, imported from New York's stage, runs away with the force of the picture, altho playing in a small rôle. He is Lionel Stander, first seen in the widely-praised New York-made Noël Coward film, "The Scoundrel," a year ago.

Picture-Stealing Stooge

"Lionel Stander as the stooge to the racketeer is something," *The Hollywood Reporter* continues. "How that man has been missed for so long is a mystery, and how he steals pictures is a joy."

Equally enthusiastic is *Hollywood Daily Variety*, which writes:

"The old masquerade pattern of a rich man posing as a poor man to find true love has been delightfully refreshed in smart writing, capital direction, and persuasive comedy performances."

* * *

Scrooge from London

Just in time for holiday screening, Paramount imports from England a London-made picture, "Scrooge," based, of course, on "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens. Sir Seymour Hicks is excellent in the title rôle, and is ably supported by a cast which includes, as *Bob Cratchit*, Donald Calthrop.

"As for Sir Seymour," reports *The Birmingham* (England) *Evening Despatch*, "he plays *Scrooge* to the life, but, miraculously, not the caricature. It is a delight to see this old trouper go the limit on every point without overemphasizing a single one. His scenes with *Cratchit* are the perfection of character-work."

Throughout the film the opportunities for overbearing on sentiment and harrowing heart-break are neatly avoided, yet the force of the story remains intact.

"The familiar Dickens atmosphere has been finely and faithfully caught," according to *Cinema*, a British publication, "not only in the conviction of the miserliness of *Scrooge*, but in the compelling detail of the three visions, with their alternating commentary on tight-fisted humanity, the simple happiness of the very poor, and the sheer terror of a man permitted to view the pitiful future born of an ignoble past.

Tiny Tim's Plea

"The famous Christmas dinner-party of the *Cratchits* is particularly well done, with its delightful Yuletide atmosphere, and the appealing *Tiny Tim's* 'God bless us, every one.'

"Supporting Sir Seymour, who dominates the portrayal with the light and shade of his versatile picture of old *Scrooge*, are Donald Calthrop, in a sympathetic study of hapless *Bob Cratchit;* Mary Glynne, as his gentle wife, and Oscar Asche as the jovial figure of Christmas, these being the more important visual characters.

Splendor and Squalor

"Tribute should be paid to the fidelity of the old-time settings, ranging from the splendor of lavish Christmas festivities to the squalor of *Scrooge's* mean offices, and no less wretched home."

The famous John Leech illustrations have been used as text for the reproduced costumes and settings, and, as in notable filmings of "David Copperfield" and "Alice in Wonderland," the decision to go to an artist's originals for inspiration has worked to the betterment of the picture.

Sir Seymour Hicks as Scrooge *in British production imported for holiday trade*

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News Told Through Lenses

Cameramen Attaining Top-Flight Standing in Fourth Estate; Prize-Winning Pictures at Exhibition; Action and Art

© New York *Daily News*

"None So Small," by John Twyman of the New York Daily News, *one of the prize-winners in the Press Photographers' Association exhibit*

"That motley aggregation of impudent and flattering camp-followers, the photographers for the newspapers and picture-services, must be ranked with the top flight of newspaper men. They are vastly more important to their papers than ever before."

Nevertheless, continues Stanley Walker in his book, "City Editor," "It has been the custom of newspaper reporters to assume a superior attitude toward the photographer.

"Some of the word-painters have even resented photographers calling themselves 'newspaper men.'

"There is less of this arrogant attitude than formerly; the sooner it ceases entirely, the better it will be for everybody, especially the reporter. For the man with the camera has found his spot in the profession. He may have to be tough, but he can't be snubbed or ignored."

Art-Critics Attracted

The exhibition, last week, in Rockefeller Center, of 300 photographs by 100 photographers from the New York district, was neither snubbed nor ignored. Officially opened by New York's energetic Mayor, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, the preview was attended by art-critics, advertising men, editors, and the reporters themselves, who dutifully described the show for their respective newspapers. One of them wrote, in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Altho all the pictures in the show were taken on routine assignments, without the benefit of studio lighting and arrangement, the photographers have clearly demonstrated that they have mastered the details of composition and technique which go into the making of a fine piece of work."

Meanwhile, armed with pencil and paper, the Mayor wandered around the exhibition-gallery of the RCA building, followed by seventy-five other critics who were attempting to select prize-winners.

Of the six prizes awarded, three for spot news, and three for pictorial photography, four were won by staff members of the New York *Daily News.* The remaining two went to a photographer of the New York *Herald Tribune* and to a cameraman for International News Photos.

Typical of many of the spot-news prints in the show, the prize-winners in this class were action-shots sharply focused on the seamy side of life. "And Sudden Death" shows a man standing, stunned, against a wall, while in the background lies the body of his wife, killed in an automobile accident.

In "The Cobra's Eye," the late gangster, Jack ("Legs") Diamond, peers suspiciously over a policeman's shoulder. In "Reds," a policeman is seen fighting with Communist women.

In the pictorial group, the first prize-winner depicts "A Winter Night at Governors Island." "None so Small," which won second place, shows a policeman at City Hall giving water to a sparrow, overcome by the summer heat. "Sunbeams" pictures a horse-drawn truck under an elevated station, through which the sun's rays filter.

The current exhibition, the first to be held by the Press Photographers' Association of New York, is, according to Mayor LaGuardia, "worthy of being shown with real art." In fact, said the Mayor, "It is art. . . . It is an exhibition which New York will want to see."

Fortified by new-found respect from Mayor, critics, and newspaper men, the Association hopes to make its show an annual event.

Square Oranges Passé

Blasting the placid atmosphere of the Barnard Club, New York, Charles R. Knight, portrait-painter and muralist, hurled incisive words of scorn at artists who paint green, square oranges, and huge, round bodies.

Beaming their approval, the members of three Southern women's societies listened, enraptured, and applauded. Afterward, over the teacups, they gazed apprehensively through their *lorgnettes* at the exhibit sponsored by the Southern Women's National Democratic Organization in New York, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Southern Society.

Visitors to the show last week found little that was monstrous or inexplicable in the paintings, water-colors, and lithographs executed by artists born in the South, or associated with it. Instead of green, square oranges, they saw round orange ones, undistorted; conventional flower-vases, and portraits of society leaders, in dignified attitudes.

Other subjects in the exhibit included scenes of Istanbul, Mexico, and Manhattan, as well as of the South. The most conspicuous work was a forthright vigorous portrait, by Mr. Knight, of Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune, founder and President of Bethune-Cookman College, Daytona Beach, Florida.

The sponsors of the show intended it to be democratic, tho not necessarily by Democratic artists, according to Mrs. J. F. Brandenburg, exhibition director.

© Charles R. Knight

Portrait of Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune, by Charles R. Knight, at Southern group show

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News of the Book World

Prophets and Poets. By André Maurois. 345 pp. [New York: Harper & Brothers; $3.]

M. Maurois began his career as a leader among literary folk by entering, at an early age, upon administration labors in his family's cloth-factory in Alsace. Having desired to become a teacher of philosophy, the tallying of bolts left him so unsatisfied that, in his spare time, he indulged greedily in the English literary masters. This resulted, during the War, in his transfer to British G. H. Q.

No more industrious writers are to be found anywhere than among globe-trotting brass hats of His Majesty's forces, and they inspired M. Maurois to the writing of books. He since has become familiar as the author of works concerning Shelley, Disraeli, Byron, and Dickens.

In "Prophets and Poets," M. Maurois's perspective is not only accurate: it also is novel. Thus, Rudyard Kipling becomes, to his way of thinking, a heavy creditor of "the whole Boy Scout movement," which is in his debt "for a great part of its laws and strength."

Voltairian Shaw

H. G. Wells, "once he begins to imagine what the world ought to be . . . is apt to be blind to what it is. Utopia is his natural element." Bernard Shaw is Voltairian, rather than Molièresque.

Mr. Chesterton, disdaining the gods of Mr. Wells's test-tubes and the gods of Mr. Shaw's good life, is "reactionary, brilliantly so, loudly and cheerfully so, and praises with intense admiration the freedoms of the Middle Ages."

Conrad had a deep "awareness of a certain form of human grandeur." Lytton Strachey, who changed the whole trend of biography, so that mere greatness in the subject no longer atoned for scholarly dulness on the part of the writer, was "more Britannic than any Briton."

"Discussing these writers and their works," George F. Whicher wrote in the New York *Herald Tribune's Books*, "M. Maurois is sympathetic, balanced, sure."

© International

André Maurois, whose new book weighs modern British authors

Said the St. Louis *Star-Times:* "Maurois . . . has the talent, so typical of French writers, of approaching an old subject and allowing his sharp intelligence to light it up with a variety of new effects. That the result is consistently stimulating, but never entirely convincing, is the method's fault."

William J. Gross, in the Fort Wayne (Ind.) *News-Sentinel*, gave high praise to the book. "The manner in which M. Maurois has described the personalities and achievements of all nine of these writers . . . makes his work an invaluable commentary on the world of the twentieth century."

* * *

Archy Does His Part. By Don Marquis. 365 pp. [Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Company; $2.]

One hastens to apologize for spelling *archy* with a capital A, for the philosophical cockroach has been, through all his years, not without a touch of the snob

Acme

Daniel Frohman, who writes of the stage and its players

that lies in all of us, and has jealously fended for his lower-case democracy, deriving from it a sense of personal distinction as profound as that cherished by those who dwell in Mayfair, or on Park Avenue, in a thirty-six-point Cheltenham bold upper-case manner.

One might do better and even apologize for submitting *archy* to the humiliation of a review, for his literary method has ever been, "I'm telling you," rather than, "Come, let us reason together."

Those who have met *archy* will require no more than the announcement of his reappearance; for there are precious few who can take to *archy* or let him alone. He represents one of the few remaining wells of real salty American humor and satire, undisturbed by the simpering wise-crack, or by the smoking-car snicker-provoker.

Reviewers have come to accept *archy* as independent from his creator.

"Ever since *archy* first crept into Don Marquis's column in *The Sun* the little cockroach has been tagging along with him and contributing his bit whenever there was a chance," said Isaac Anderson in *The New York Times Book Review*. . . . "Whatever he writes, he is always amusing. There is every reason to believe that *archy* is Don Marquis's favorite brain-child. If he isn't, he should be."

Don Marquis, whose philosophical cockroach archy *fills new book*

And Lewis Gannett, in the New York *Herald Tribune*, saw in *archy* a touch of immortality.

"The incredible and conceited cockroach still has that ancient wisdom which raised him to a position among the wise jesters of America beside Mr. Dooley and Artemus Ward," he said.

* * *

Daniel Frohman Presents . . . 397 pp., Illus. [New York: Kendall and Sharp; $3.50.]

Daniel Frohman belongs to the age when theatrical knighthood was in flower. The index of his book is not unlike a "Who's Who" of the greenroom of the past. Mary Anderson and Sarah Bernhardt appear in the picture-gallery at the end, along with Charlie Chaplin and Madge Bellamy; Joe Jefferson hobnobs with Noël Coward and George M. Cohan. He has known many actors and remembers all of them.

While the great Joe was playing in Chicago, a religious revival hit the town, and a heavy tax was put upon the theater as "the devil's workshop." A young lawyer called upon the distressed actor, said he believed he was the victim of an injustice, and asked to handle the case. The tax was removed. The young lawyer was Abraham Lincoln.

Mark Twain, take it from Daniel Frohman, was not only an indefatigable and indifferent billiards player, but, also, no more distinguished as a playwright. Twain complained to his manager that the lines in "The Prince and the Pauper" were not his. His manager retorted that the Twain version would require two nights.

Twain departed in a huff, but "no complaint was received from the author about the large royalties that accrued." Mark once sued Frohman. By day they glared at each other in court. By night they played billiards.

Harry Hansen, in the New York *World-Telegram*, called this a "human, chatty book."

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Current Poetry

Unsolicited contributions to this department will not be returned. Unpublished poetry is not acceptable

MERRY-GO-ROUND

By Oriana Atkinson

With a resolved and steady hand
He chose his gallant steed
(A roaring lion, gold and grand,
And very fierce, indeed).
"Cupid Subdues the Rampant Beast,"
The picture might be named;
He wasn't frightened in the least,
He had the creature tamed!
Then, with a jerk of rusty wheels,
The carousel began;
He seized the reins and kicked his heels
And drove it like a man.
Ah! this was solid ecstasy!
No idle laughing matter,
Too dignified for gayety,
He had no breath for chatter.
Guiding that tiny universe
He bravely held his ground,
And rolled a solemn eye at Nurse
Whenever he swung 'round.

—*New York Times.*

ARCHITECTURE

By B. Y. Williams

Sorrow builds a solid house
All of steel and stone,
More enduring than the years
Any heart has known.
You may enter there and dwell
Long and long alone.

Happiness builds but a cot,
Colorful and gay,
Lovely—but a fragile thing.
Lodge there while you may,
Lest the first fierce wind that blows
Carry it away!

—*Extension Magazine.*

USELESS WARNING

By Gelett Burgess

Mary, come hither!
I saw you walking
All in a dither,
With him, and talking.

I know his pleading
To my own sorrow.
Mary, be heeding,
Wait till tomorrow!

No? I'd have bet on it
How you would take it;
Well, your heart's set on it—
Go, let him break it!

—*New York American.*

THE OLD MEN

By Charles Norman

Being too old to fight,
The old men talk and write;
They cheer the laggard on
The way they have not gone.

This love of country comes
To life with flutes and drums,
And sleeps with all the slain
Upon the foreign plain.

—*The American Mercury.*

LIFTED HEART

By Margaret Widdemer

Something has come and lifted all the stars,
Something has come and laughed and sung to me—
No visible clanging loose of any bars,
Nothing to touch or feel or hear or see—
But there is brightness where the darkness lay,
And long gold wings where all the sky was gray!

—*The Commonweal.*

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Wit, Elegance, and Political Strategy

Pattangall, Maine's Retired Chief Justice, Has Been Democrat, Republican, and Independent; Man of Action—and Words

Wide World

William R. Pattangall, political strategist of the State of Maine

A man of action, as well as a man of words, is William Robinson Pattangall, seventy-year-old retired Chief Justice of the Supreme Judiciary Court of Maine. He has the courage of his convictions, and shakes off adverse criticism as the roof of a New England salt-box cottage sheds water.

A stanch Republican for years, in 1898 he switched to the Democratic side, and, for many moons, was titular head of that Party in Maine. Dissatisfied with the activities of both Democratic and Republican leaders, he advocated the forming of a third party, and had his name removed from the Democratic rolls, last February. He was then listed as an Independent. Last week, he again went over to the Republicans.

He is of medium height, weighs about 190 pounds, and has a large head with somewhat heavy features. Rimless spectacles surmount a medium nose. His hair is iron-gray, as are his clipped mustache and bushy eyebrows. He wears dark, neat clothes, and speaks in a calm, judicial voice.

He is very active, enjoys fishing and motoring. He seldom is found without a cigar. His tastes are simple. For years his daily lunch has been sardines and crackers.

Political Tactician

He was born in Pembroke, Maine, on June 29, 1865, and was educated at the University of Maine. In 1893, he was admitted to the Maine bar.

Lemuel Parton once wrote in the New York *Sun:*

"Judge Pattangall, one of the most successful corporation lawyers of New England until his elevation to the Supreme bench in 1926, has held public office pretty steadily for nearly forty years. . . . He is famed for his wit and elegance.

"He has been an able-bodied seaman, schoolmaster, lawyer, editor, and author, and a candidate for virtually every local and State office. . . . He is an eloquent and courageous expounder of the ancient faiths. . . . He is agile both in wits and person, and one of the cleverest and most resourceful of the old-line political strategists. . . ."

Meticulous Hard-Hitter

Cracking under the strain of overwork, Solicitor General Stanley Forman Reed collapsed last week in the United States Supreme Court as he argued the constitutionality of the Bankhead Cotton Control Law.

It was the second day of the arguments on the AAA, as well as the Cotton Control Law. It was brought to a dramatic close when the fifty-year-old, baldish, Kentucky-born lawyer, often considered the outstanding legalist of the New Deal, was unable to continue his arguments, and had to be assisted from the hushed court-room.

© Harris & Ewing

Solicitor General Stanley Reed, an outstanding legalist of the New Deal

His round face, topped by a high forehead, was ashen. His sharp, brown eyes, behind rimless nose-glasses, mirrored his suffering. Later, at his home, he was said to be resting comfortably.

He is a big man, heavy-set, who avoids becoming portly by playing golf. He holds himself erect, wears conservative clothes, and gives the impression of intellectuality. His manner is pleasant, quiet, courteous, but, for all that, he is a hard-hitting fighter.

He is extremely type-shy, possibly the most diffident-to-publicity person holding high governmental office. He is difficult to see unless his caller has business to transact. This is not snobbishness. His explanation—too much work to do.

He was born in Mason County, Kentucky, on December 31, 1884, the only son of a Kentucky doctor. He was educated at Kentucky Wesleyan and Yale, studied law at the University of Virginia, Columbia, and the Sorbonne, and began practise in 1910.

During the War he was a first lieutenant, and, in 1919, was named general counsel for the Federal Farm Board, a post he held until he became general counsel for the RFC in December, 1932. President Roosevelt made him Solicitor General this year.

His capacity for work before his breakdown was regarded by his colleagues as unlimited. With a small, but efficient, staff, he handles an amazing amount of routine, toils far into the night, and frequently on Sundays. He pays great attention to detail.

In Washington, he has the reputation of doing things a little better, a little more thoroughly, than his contemporaries. The members of the Supreme Court like his approach. Many predict he one day will be one of those nine judges himself.

Destiny and No. 1 Laborite

No laborer's pick-handle ever has raised a blister on the palms of Clement Richard Attlee, new leader of the British Labor Party. A hoe has, but not in pursuit of a livelihood. The first lawyer ever to achieve the office, the first chief of the Party not to have risen from the ranks, he is a relentless gardener by hobby, a peace-chaser by conviction.

Mr. Attlee is fifty-two, slight, graceful, getting balder by the year, and the streak across his upper lip is a mustache clipped alarmingly close. His skull is as bulbous as Lenin's, his face ends in a square, granitic jaw which, strange for such a stanch peace-advocate, won him rapid promotion in the War. His mocking brown eyes have shattered some of the most cultivated poise in England.

When the War ended, he crawled out of the military tank which had been his practical home, and shed his title of major.

Keystone

Clement R. Attlee, Coolidge-like leader of the British Labor Party

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No striking personality, nor a popular, inflaming orator, his present position was won by strict adherence to the policy of the late Calvin Coolidge: be a good listener. This has given him a massive integrity.

A natural-born parliamentarian, Mr. Attlee is the kind of man a Prime Minister welcomes to the floor when he is on the same side. Last week, taking Leadership of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition, he demonstrated to Conservative Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin how devastating it can be to have the situation reversed.

Fascism *vs.* Democracy

Born of a good "county" family, son of a Putney (London) lawyer, he is far from being an extremist, but finds himself, none the less, in the Left Center of the Labor Party. His vigorous repugnance of war has not dimmed his foresight. He sees, ahead, Fascist States lining up against democratic ones. Therefore, he speaks right out for sanctions against Italy to the last hobbling move.

For all that his speeches are not exciting—they are accounted intelligent, if overlong; precise, if bound too tightly to fixed notes. His colleagues in the House of Commons like him. Courtesy and hard work have helped to command that respect.

In Stanmore, Middlesex, where he lives simply, he has a wife and four children, a collection of pipes, a kit of carpenter's tools, a bag of golf-clubs, a set of gardening implements.

"He has courage in abundance, endless doggedness, a shrewd common sense," *The Manchester Guardian* (Lib.) acknowledges. "Few people are better judges of a man. . . . He is a man one has to know to learn to appreciate. There is nothing brilliant or obvious about him."

Mr. Attlee's seeming lack of brilliance is no check-rein on his political quips. Quick in debate, his intelligence frequently comes studded with barbs. Once Brig.-Gen. Sir Henry Page Croft, Conservative M.P., chose to rant against the Government. Mr. Attlee listened well, then, spoke, bluntly: "He is always in a state of indignant contentment."

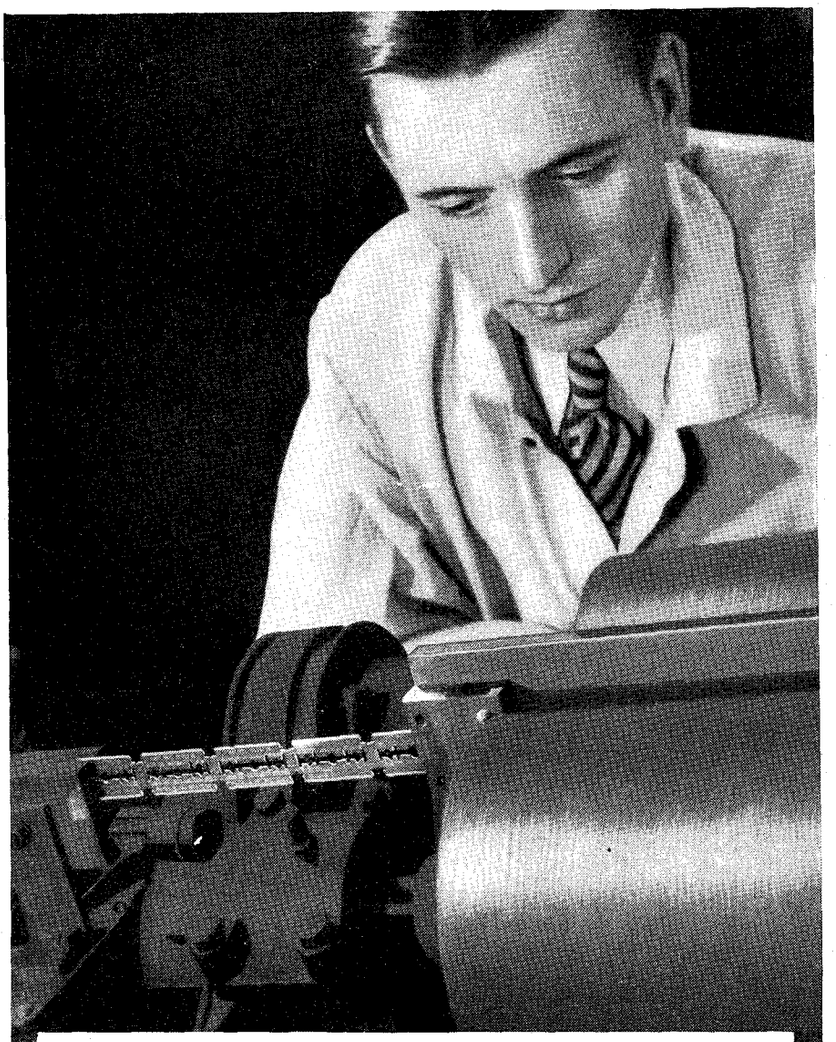
"Profound Integrity"

In spite of which, and other sallies, *The Manchester Guardian* records that, in general, "He does not coin a striking phrase, he has none of Mr. Churchill's power of self-dramatization about him, but he has profound integrity. He is wholly devoid of jealousy and pose. His convictions are profound, and he fights for them with a tenacity that one has to meet in order to appreciate.

"He has a surprizing reserve of energy. He enjoys the cut and thrust of battle. And he is a good colleague."

His strength has been described out in the Dominions, Colonies, and Possessions. His virtues are recognized, for example, in Canada, where the Windsor (Ont.) *Daily Star* (Ind.) writes:

"As leader of the Party, Mr. Attlee takes the reins at a time of international crisis. Some day he may very easily be Prime Minister of Britain."



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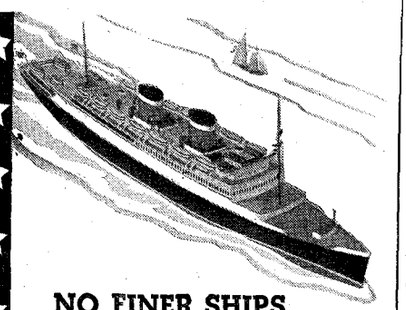

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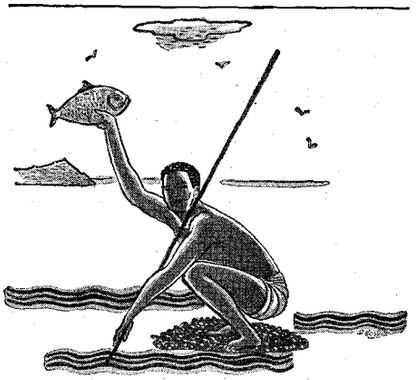

Humuhumunukunukuapuaa

Natives have loaded the above name on Hawaii's smallest fish, smaller in length than the name itself. Hawaii, paradise for fishermen, offers Island housewives markets replete with piscatorial delicacies.

But in a land where food can be bought fresh from the markets, from fish to mangoes & pineapples, your economically minded Island women prefer their pineapple juice in DOLE vacuum-sealed cans.

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That is why mainland women are learning to ask not for pineapple juice but for DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple Juice. Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., Honolulu, T.H., U.S.A. Sales Offices: 215 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

Aviation

Battle-Planes "Raid" Miami

Aerial Fighting Games Thrill Winter Resort; Al Williams, Upside-Down Flyer; Delayed Parachute-Drops Startle Throng

Miami, Florida, has gone through more than one hurricane. Until last week, however, an air-raid was something new.

It was not a tropical gale, but the beating propellers of droning battle-planes that stirred the smiling Florida skies. Over the many spectators of the eighth annual Miami All American Air Maneuvers they flew in mass-formation, a style of sky-fighting in which Army, Navy, and Marine aviators of the United States excel, foreign air-attachés have admitted.

Zooming, with humming motors striking a higher pitch; power-diving, with engines roaring louder and struts whistling as they sliced through the slip-streams, more than 600 fighting-planes went through military aviation's strategic gyrations.

Military Aspect

"The name of the annual midwinter aviation event was changed, this year, from 'races' to 'maneuvers' in view of the large numbers of military aircraft which engage in the program," *The National Aeronautic Magazine* explains.

In their realistic fighting games, the military aviators gave spectators many a thrill. To *Western Flying*, writing before the show, it is "one of the greatest peace-time concentrations in the history of American aviation.

"The big winter flying event at Miami has, this year, grown to such proportions that experienced aviation personnel from other Florida municipalities has been drafted to assist in handling the event.

"Eight hundred planes, military and civilian, are expected to participate in the three-day flying program. The civilian planes will compete in daily speed-contests, acrobatic-flying contests, and bomb-dropping.

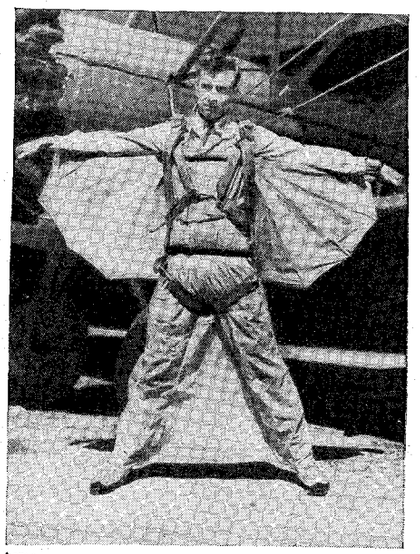
"Army, Navy, and Marine Corps squadrons will stage exhibitions of combat maneuvers and other intricate military flying evolutions, using the most modern and speediest battle-planes.

"The world-famous Army stunt-team, 'The Three Men on the Flying Trapeze,' is coming from the Air Service Technical School at Maxwell Field, Alabama, to demonstrate daring aerial acrobatics while flying in close formation.

Guard Planes Join

"Approximately seventy-five National Guard planes are coming to Miami from eighteen States to take part in the meet. Sportsmen-pilots from nearly every State in the nation have signified their intention of being present. Aircraft manufacturers have notified the . . . organization that they will have their latest models of commercial and sport flying planes at the meet. . . .

"Al Williams, outstanding acrobatic flyer, will stage daily exhibitions at the Miami meet. His daring upside-down flights have thrilled hundreds of thousands of spectators at air-meets staged throughout the nation during the past years."



Acme

Clem Sohn, who again demonstrated his wings at the Miami air-meet

Officially, Al Williams is Maj. Alford J. Williams, of the Army Reserve Corps. Once he was Lieut. Alford J. Williams, who won the Schneider Trophy for the U. S. Navy.

In his Cyclone-powered Curtiss Gulf-Hawk he performed such outlandish antics that the 15,000 fans in the specially constructed stands knew immediately, if they knew anything about stunt-flying at all, that the man in the cockpit was Al Williams.

Noisy Power-Dives

Daily he went aloft for fifteen minutes of twisting, turning, inside and outside loops, inverted "falling leaves," and noisy power-dives at the stands which caused pale faces and constricted stomachs among the spectators.

Once a pitcher for the New York Giants, Williams, told by McGraw that he lacked control, turned to flying. There he developed a control over stick and rudder-bar which has brought him world fame.

In 1923, flying for the Navy, he set a world mark by speeding the mile at a rate of 266.6 miles an hour. Later, after much figuring with pad and pencil, Williams decided that a seaplane could be flown upside down. He vindicated those figures and became the first man to fly a pontoon-equipped air-plane on its back.

Since then, inverted flight has become a specialty in Williams's bag of tricks. He has been thrilling crowds at large air-meets for years by taking off in his famous *Hawk*, flopping it over on its back, and cruising calmly about looking up at the ground.

A civilian's stunt for the show which appeals to *Aero Digest* is "One of the daily

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feature events—a delayed parachute drop by Clem Sohn."

Sohn went aloft daily, leaped into space from a height of two miles or more, postponed pulling the ring of his 'chute until jittery thousands concluded that there no longer would be any use, and, then, finally came safely to earth.

His descent was peculiar. Finding once that while falling he could regulate his position as a swimmer does in water, Sohn devised bat-like wings which he attached to his arms and legs. He performed like a flying squirrel for the Miami crowds, turning at will to right or left, zooming, climbing, and even doing complete loops.

Sohn, who has more than two hundred delayed jumps to his credit, holds the present record for plummeting the longest distance straight to earth. He leaves the plane at such a great altitude that he can not be seen from the ground. Ever considerate of his public, Sohn accordingly takes along a sack of flour, spilling it as he tumbles through space.

Like the tail of a meteor, the white column marks his progress. In a straight fall, without the bat wings, he reaches a speed of 120 miles an hour.

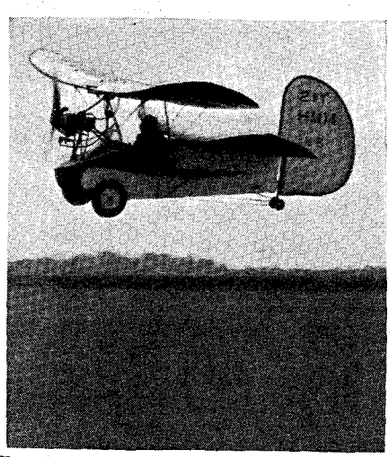
Pangborn's *Flying Flea*

A queer little air-plane, no longer than a Ford and bearing a strong resemblance to an insect under a magnifying glass, took off from Roosevelt Field recently, circled, and landed. Out stepped Clyde Pangborn, famous transoceanic flyer.

"It flies," he said.

According to the New York *American*, "Not everything about the tiny machine was satisfactory to the test pilot, but he took it around the field once at a 400-foot elevation, making sixty miles an hour. He had a close call on the take-off before he got the 'feel' of the plane, but once in the air it went smoothly enough and made a perfect landing."

The plane was the *Pou du Ciel*, or "*Flying Louse*," designed by Henri Mignet, a French furniture manufacturer who decided that the average family man should have air transportation within his means. He maintains that his little craft can be manufactured to sell at $350, as against the $700 dream-plane of Eugene Vidal, Director of Air Commerce. Mr. Vidal's proposal for a low-priced plane caused storms of derision in the aviation industry.



Keystone

"It flies," said Clyde Pangborn after landing his $350 plane, Flying Flea

The *Flying Flea* is of radical construction. A short lower wing, set half-way back from the cockpit, seems to serve for the missing horizontal tail surfaces, while a movable upper wing provides for vertical control. There is no aileron, no fin. The tremendous rudder is controlled by the stick, rather than the conventional rudder-bar. A twenty-horsepower motor pulls the little one-seater buzzingly along.

Changes Likely

The strange little craft has definite possibilities, Mr. Pangborn told THE LITERARY DIGEST. He declared, however, that structural changes would have to be made before the United States Department of Air Commerce would pass on it.

The *Flea* flown by Pangborn is not the only one in the United States. Out in Sharonville, Ohio, Edwin Nirmaier, pilot for an aircraft company there, got hold of Mignet's book, "Le Pou du Ciel." The plane looked good to him, so he set to work. With the aid of his mechanic, $100 and four weeks' work, he turned out a copy of the original *Flying Flea*. The $100 did not include the cost of the two-cylinder motor.

In material soon to be published in *Aero Digest*, Nirmaier reported that the ship not only flew, but attained a speed of eighty miles an hour.

The designer, Mignet, according to the New York *Herald Tribune*, "maintains that even experienced pilots must learn to fly all over again to master the operation of his plane, though it is so simple and safe that he taught himself to fly it without any instruction in normal planes."

In the automotive industry the flivver came first. Then came the luxurious streamlined models of to-day. In aviation, there is finally the flivver, long after there were great, finely-appointed air-liners.

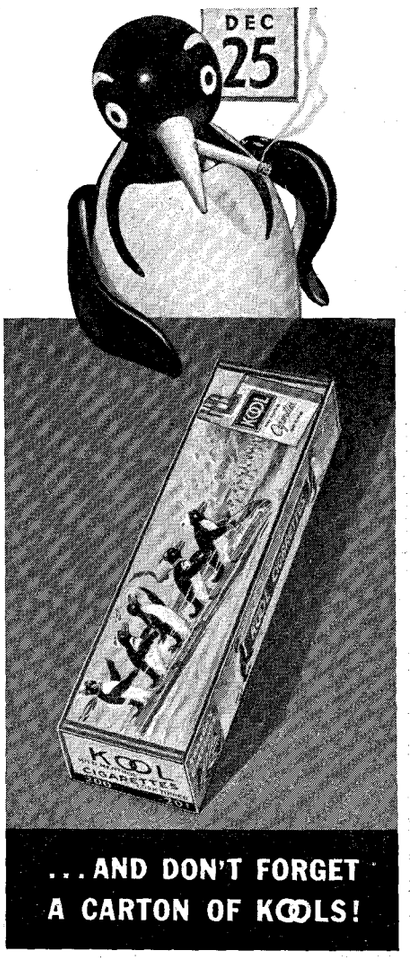
"Vale of Death" Claims Eleven

Ice forming on the wings of air-planes has long been a bane to flying. Altho the United States Bureau of Air Commerce has developed a device which is supposed to "de-ice" propellers, no means for automatically shedding ice from wings has yet been discovered.

Last week, ice, forming on the wings of a giant Belgian air-liner, killed seven passengers and four flyers. Their plane had spun through the gloom and mist overhanging the English Channel easily enough. Ahead there was a much more dangerous area—the hills of Surrey, which would have been easy enough to surmount if ice had not been shaping on the wings.

Over the "Valley of Death," as the cloud-hung county is known to pilots, spun the giant air-liner. Then it faltered. Suddenly, plunging downward through the darkness, it literally dived into a hill. The eleven aboard were killed instantly.

Among the dead was Sir John Carden, designer of air-engines and war-tanks. He is the reputed designer of the great Vickers tanks used in the War by the British Army.



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TEN PACKS of KOOLS (200 refreshing cigarettes) in a colorful Christmas wrapper. Be a real Santa and put this wanted gift in his or her stocking. Each pack carries a B & W coupon good for handsome premiums (offer good in U.S.A. only)—and extra coupons go with the carton. There's a bright New Year coming up—time to switch to KOOLS!

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RALEIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW AT POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

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Marriages Without Romance

Rabbi Explains Association System; Bride Needs Tidy Dowry; Qualifications: Money, Youth, Beauty, Education, in That Order

Cupid has no place in the scheme of things as seen through the eyes of the Marriage Brokers' Association of the United States, which held its annual meeting in the Jewish Temple and Center, New York, last week, says an article in the New York *Sun*.

The newspaper adds:

Marriage is a purely practical matter, arranged for a fee, always paid by the bride, who is considered the beneficiary. The fee for a working girl averages $200, payable when she leaves the altar, but she pays a registration fee before the broker considers her case. Unless she also brings a suitable dowry her case is practically hopeless, according to Nathan Wolf, Rabbi at the Center.

Brokers Chartered

There are in business in greater New York to-day some seventy to eighty marriage brokers, Mr. Wolf said. Probably an equal number are in business in other large cities. In New York they are chartered by the State. The brokers have hundreds of girls and women registered with them, all in search of husbands, but business is very bad. There just aren't any husbands, Rabbi Wolf said.

Not all of the girls are old maids, by any means, and an old maid in the marriage broker's view, is still any girl over twenty-two. Many of the girls registered, some of them by desperate fathers, are between sixteen and twenty. To be over twenty-two and unmarried is considered a hard case, for which the broker expects an extra fee. In the case of a widow, it's not quite so difficult, especially if she has a dot.

The average New York working girl, Mr. Wolf said, manages to save from $1,000 to $3,000 as a dowry. To expect marriage without it is to be unduly optimistic. Often papa kicks in something too. Men registering with the marriage brokers are not required to pay anything. They are welcomed like manna from heaven.

Man Needs Good Job

Ask Rabbi Wolf why this scarcity of husbands, and he will tell you quite frankly that a man is not considered a man, and marriageable, until he is at least thirty, well-established, with a good position, and a secure future. The girl is considered marriageable between fifteen and twenty-two—if she is fairly good looking and has a little cash.

Forty-five dollars weekly, Rabbi Wolf said, is the minimum on which a young man can be looked upon as a suitable husband. And then only if the pair have very simple tastes.

It is never considered that the girl should work after marriage, and her position is not considered an asset at all. In fact, many young men prefer to marry girls who have not worked.

The best assets for a prospective wife in the order of importance, are, according to Rabbi Wolf, money, youth, beauty, education. Not every man can expect all four qualities, he said, but every man has a right to expect two, and a great many young men these days expect all four.

As for what qualifications the marriage-seeking girl asks, Rabbi Wolf threw up his hands in horror.

What right has she to ask anything, except that the man should be able to support her? he asked, a trifle indignantly. She is the one who benefits.

Rabbi Wolf said the depression is responsible for the dearth of husbands.

The Rabbi deplores the fact that so many of the young women have good jobs. He thinks girls should give up their jobs, and that would mean a job for somebody's prospective husband.

Even if the girl who gives up a good job doesn't get a husband herself she might be the means of providing a husband for some other girl, said Rabbi Wolf, adding that altho this might be looked upon as unselfishness carried to an extreme, women ought to be unselfish.

Piano "Easier Than Bridge"

"A number of my [middle-aged] friends," writes John Erskine in *The Rotarian*, "entirely sane men and in good repute with their neighbors, wish they could play the piano a little as a very personal hobby, and regret that it's now too late to learn.

"It isn't too late! If you have the love of music and want to exercise it within reason, it's easier to play the piano than to play bridge. . . .

"Moreover it's easier to learn the piano than it used to be, because the modern technique is cultivated more with the brain than by mere dogged persistence. Moreover the middle-aged have an advantage over the children, in those cases where the love of music is intelligent and well-considered, and where the use of the brain has long since become a habit.

"A child at the piano, even a willing child, needs a powerful lot of teaching. The adult can cover quite a distance on good advice. Especially the man or woman who took lessons in childhood, thumbed out bumpy scales, broke down in badly-studied pieces, and was permitted at last by the nerve-worn family to give it up.

Essential Principles

"Assuming that a love of music survives, and at least a modest wish to play, you'd be surprised at the degree of progress which is quite possible if the mature person comes to the piano with a fresh mind, and with a grasp of essential principles. The average teacher didn't mention these principles to us when we were boys; now every teacher begins with them. . . .

"The most direct way to approach the problem of your technique is of course to notice the things which you imagine keep you from playing the piano. . . . Your fingers are stiff. Your ear is all right, but you can't remember the left hand. You always found it hard to read music.

"Well on every count but one, you're wrong. Your ear is probably not bad, if you have any love for music, but your fingers aren't stiff; you *can* remember the left hand, and it's very easy to read music. . . . So the first rule for piano technique is: *Learn the music by heart before you try to play it.* For a beginner this sounds like extravagant impossibility, but it's absolute sense, and will save you many hours of the wrong kind of practise. . . .

Slowness in Brain

"The second rule . . . is to practise slowly enough for your mind to suggest

Wide World

John Erskine (left), *piano enthusiast, and Olin Downes, music-critic*

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each note. It's not your fingers which are stiff; it's the motor centers of the brain which are slow. . . .

"Anything you can hear in your mind you can play. You usually listen to the melody and the melody is usually in the right hand. That's why you say you have a good ear. If you listen to the left hand you'll discover that your ear is just as good on the low notes. . . .

"When you hear in your mind the note you read on the page of music, and when you know where the note is, you can put your finger on it.

"And so far as that note goes, a virtuoso could do little more."

Post-Birthmarks

"When a new citizen appears in the world the survey of the tiny body for birthmarks brings an awful moment," writes Uncle Dudley in the Boston *Sunday Globe*. "If there are none it is very much in order for the proud and relieved papa to buy cigars.

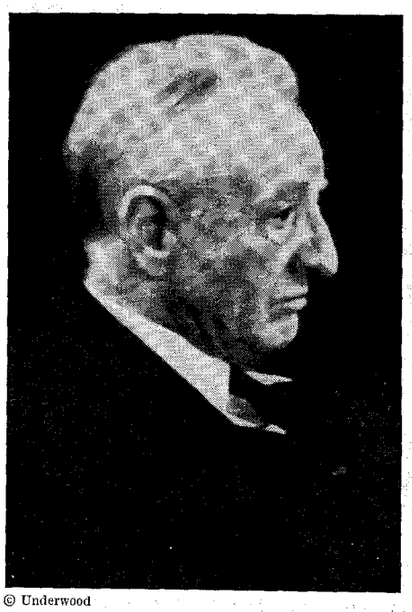
"But if it is the other way and the infant face is disfigured by a splotch of red, news of the tragedy passes round the neighborhood in awe-struck whispers.

"Many a visible birthmark constitutes a burden of a weight known only to the bearer. Occasionally the force of character required to carry it develops excess strength and the birthmarked man or woman climbs up to amazing achievement.

Serious Consequences

"Post-birthmarks bring no such concern, although the consequences are often quite as serious as those of marks placed upon the features by a cruel slip of nature.

"One psychological school, the behaviorists, asserts that before the human animal is able to walk or talk his character is bent by early experience to a degree that makes it impossible for it to be restored during all the years that follow.



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Carter Glass, opponent of "and/or"

"An experienced nurse in a maternity hospital said to a proud male parent who walked straight up to his infant's crib on entering the room, 'I wouldn't do that unless you have a lot of time.'

"When the father asked why, she told him of babies she had seen decidedly spoiled by daily attention from the father in their first two weeks.

"However much of the post-birthmarking is done during the first year or so an enormous amount of it is inflicted during the next decade.

"Prejudice, jabbed under the skin as with a needle at an early age, makes never-ending difficulties in our civilization. Americans look with horror at the training meted out in Fascist countries to children scarcely able to toddle. They go through the motions and emit the cries demanded of them.

"But American public affairs would be far better administered were it not that so many of the voters carry post-birthmarks to the polling places. They were born and raised as Republicans or Democrats. . . .

"During early years these post-birthmarks are not visible, but about the period of middle age they work to the surface so that a practised eye can detect them at a glance. It is a horrid limitation to be almost controlled by acquired marks that should never have been imprinted.

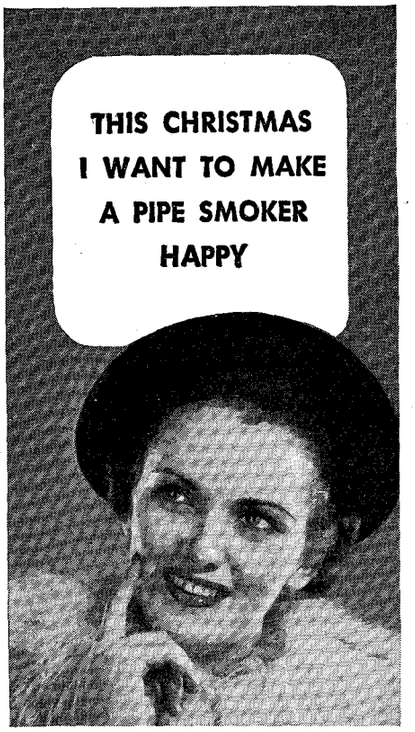
"Only recently have the leaders of education sought to do anything about it, but they are making a good start. The young mother, who discovers that the modern doctors know far more than the old wives about the care of infants, is far more likely than was her own mother to seek light on rearing children. School-teachers . . . can do much in the way of removing scars from children and guiding them towards freedom."

"And/Or" Gets No Mercy

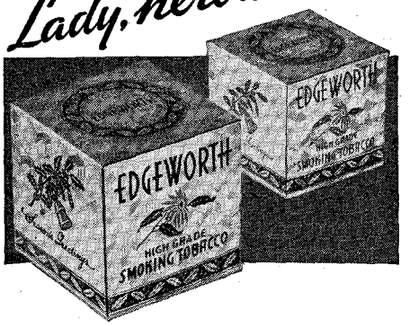
As far as the Wisconsin Supreme Court is concerned, "and/or," the term found so often in legal and other documents, is definitely "out." Long a puzzlement to the man in the street, and a thorn in the side to Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, "and/or" came in for this denunciation last week from Justice Chester A. Fowler:

"It is manifest that we are confronted with the task of first construing 'and/or,' that befuddling nameless thing, that Janus-faced verbal monstrosity, neither word nor phrase, the child of a brain of some one too lazy or too dull to know what he did mean, now commonly used by lawyers in drafting legal documents, through carelessness or ignorance or as a cunning device to conceal rather than express a meaning with a view to furthering the interests of their clients. We have observed the 'thing' in statutes, in the opinions of the courts, and in briefs of counsel, some learned and some not."

Valiantly Senator Glass has fought against its inclusion in documents and records. Last February he won his first major victory in that respect when all "and/ors" were deleted at his insistence from the Work Relief Bill.



Lady, here we are!



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This year, Edgeworth gift packages are furnished for the pound humidor, the pound and half-pound vacuum tins of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed; and the pound container of Edgeworth Plug Slice. You will find them at your tobacco dealer's, ready for your ribbon and greeting cards.

"When giving a pipe, give a good pipe. When giving tobacco, give the best" is old advice and good advice. Give Edgeworth and be sure. Larus & Brother Co., Richmond, Va. Tobacconists since 1877.

SEND US YOUR GREETING CARDS

If your tobacco dealer is out of Edgeworth gift packages, send us your greeting cards and we will take care of the shipping without extra charge. A Merry Christmas to you and yours! Larus & Brother Co.

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Assassins End Editor's Crusade

Liggett, Midwestern Firebrand, Had Fought Minneapolis Underworld; Predicted Own Fate; Worked on Thirty Papers

Acme

Walter W. Liggett: Bullets finished his editorial career in Minneapolis

"It will be a killer's gun that will get me some day," Walter W. Liggett, firebrand Midwestern editor and newspaper publisher, used to tell his friends.

The bullet he predicted struck home last week.

Returning from a shopping tour with his wife and ten-year-old daughter, Liggett stepped into a hail of lead poured from a car parked behind his Minneapolis home. An armful of groceries rolled across the pavement as the six-foot, muscle-ribbed body of the editor fell.

With grinding gears the assassins' automobile careened down the alley. But not before Mrs. Liggett had seen and—so she testifies—recognized the two men in it.

Two hours later police were grilling Meyer Schulberg, Minneapolis night-club owner and liquor dealer; and Isadore Blumenfeld, alias "Kid Cann," whom Liggett had recently branded in his paper as a "pickpocket, gunman, and killer." Schulberg was promptly released. Blumenfeld, whose face Mrs. Liggett, before collapsing, declared she would "remember as long as she lived," was held without charges.

Warred on Olson

Liggett, stormy petrel of thirty newspapers ranging from New York to Alaska, was shot down in the midst of a one-man war against Gov. Floyd B. Olson, Farmer-Laborite chief of Minnesota, and against Twin City vice rings.

Week after week, in blaring wood-block type across his crusading *Midwest American*, he had accused the Olson Administration of spreading a protective wing over local gangsterdom. Just before his murder, according to his wife, he had drawn up ten specific charges for Olson's impeachment and had dared the Governor to sue him for libel.

"I've got enough evidence to insure that Floyd B. Olson will be finished forever as a factor in public life," the stern-faced editor had written of the man who was once his political crony.

Governor Olson retorted that the charges "weren't worth the dignity of an answer."

Liggett's end was as strange and violent as his career. Bred in a scholar's home—his father was a Regent at the University of Minnesota—he wandered out early, a restless young giant with a big shock of sandy hair and fearless blue eyes, to become an adventurer in journalism and politics.

After a fling at prize-fighting in North Dakota, he became the Editor successively of newspapers in Alaska, Washington, Minnesota, and New York, where he ran the Socialist *Call*, though he was never a *bona fide* Socialist. Allied with the Non-Partisan League, he served a short term as Deputy Commissioner of Immigration in North Dakota.

Magazine Editor

The peak of his career came when in 1930 he took over the Editorship of *Plain Talk*, a national monthly. *Plain Talk* bristled with muckraking articles and exposures. It made more enemies every issue than there were pages between its bright-red covers.

Back in his native state, Liggett began his Midwest weekly, for a time under the egis of the Farmer-Labor Party.

When, last fall, Liggett was charged with kidnaping and attacking two minor girls, his wife, in *Editor and Publisher*, denounced the prosecution as "one of the foulest frame-ups ever engineered, brought solely to wreck our business and to discredit Walter because of his political fight against the corruption of the Olson gang."

While awaiting the belated trial, at which he won quick acquittal, Liggett was lured to a café, and severely beaten by underworld liquor magnates. Tho police dismissed his complaint, calling the case a "barroom brawl." Liggett wrote last month in *Editor and Publisher:*

"Kid Cann and 'Brownie' Bronstein are underworld characters I had attacked who could be depended upon to do everything in their power to injure me. Both were bootleggers and both had served time in prison. This disqualified them under the City, State, and Federal Liquor regulations; yet they are getting a strangle-hold on the local retail trade."

"Outrage!" cried Governor Olson, informed of the killing of his bitterest enemy. Under a barrage of editorial demands that he cleanse the honor of his State, he wired THE LITERARY DIGEST that he has set special investigators on the murderer's trail, adding:

"The State law does not provide for offering a reward, but I have caused a bill to be introduced in the present session of the Legislature providing $2,500 reward for each person arrested and convicted."

Tho Walter Liggett is dead, his fiery spirit continued to speak all last week through his big-eyed, dark-haired little wife.

She denied in a stinging retort the charge that her husband had demanded a $1,500 "shakedown" from Blumenfeld, and announced that henceforth she would direct the *Midwest American's* weekly warfare on "corruption in government."

Benign Sleuth

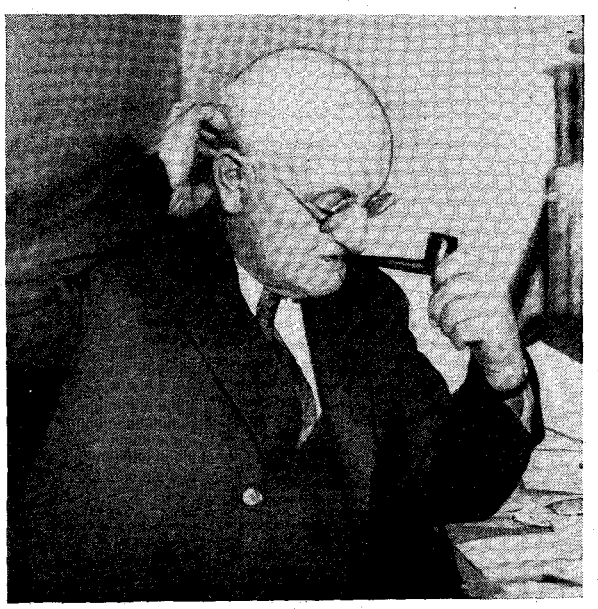
Millions of newspaper readers in the United States pricked up their ears last week and listened to the words of a stout, bald-headed little man of sixty-three.

He is Ellis Parker, "homespun Sherlock Holmes of the Jersey cranberry bogs"; and his words were these:

"Bruno Hauptmann isn't the man who killed the Lindbergh baby. He will never die in the electric chair. Anybody can see that the State's case is full of holes."

This dictum was reported by no less a figure than Gov. Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey. Following conferences with Mr. Parker and a finger-print expert, the Governor stated, he had secretly visited Hauptmann in his death-cell last October. He denied that he had any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the tight-lipped German carpenter.

Besieging the cluttered Parker office in



Acme

Ellis Parker, New Jersey detective, who looks upon the Hauptmann case as unfinished business

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Mt. Holly, New Jersey, with its old-fashioned roll-top desks, newsmen found an easy-going, benign old man with an innocent look, far removed from the gaunt, hawk-eyed sleuth of popular fancy. He seemed to them much more the dry-humored, cracker-box philosopher of the country grocery store than the head of the Burlington County detective bureau with an amazing forty-two-year record of crime detection.

For 350 crimes, ranging from chicken-theft to homicide, Ellis Parker is accredited with trapping 300 culprits.

"I just put myself in the place of the criminal and figure out about what he'd do and where he'd go," Parker ruminated, his thumbs flattened under his suspenders. "Then I go there and get him."

By this cryptic method, according to the Philadelphia *Record*, Detective Parker had reached the conclusion that "Colonel Lindbergh's baby was kidnaped and murdered by a rich 'thrill slayer.'"

Methods less psychological were used on Detective Parker himself by Walter Winchell, gossip columnist.

"It appears, according to residents there, that Burlington County has had six new murders—none of which has been solved!" gibed Mr. Winchell in the New York *Daily Mirror*. "Parker's new book is being released this week. He has peddled many a mystery or crime story to the detective mags and still does so. His fee certainly rates a raise. The fact that all concerned are making a political football of Hauptmann is to be regretted."

A few days later "The Cunning Mulatto —As Told by Ellis Parker to Fletcher Pratt" appeared on lending-library bookshelves; and the Brooklyn (N. Y.) *Eagle* ran a spread for "Murder After Dinner—Ellis Parker's True Crime Stories," to be "followed to-morrow by 'Barking Dog Betrays a Murderer.'"

Other columnists, however, praised Mr. Parker for a record that "tops that of Scotland Yard, the French Surêté, and the Vienna police."

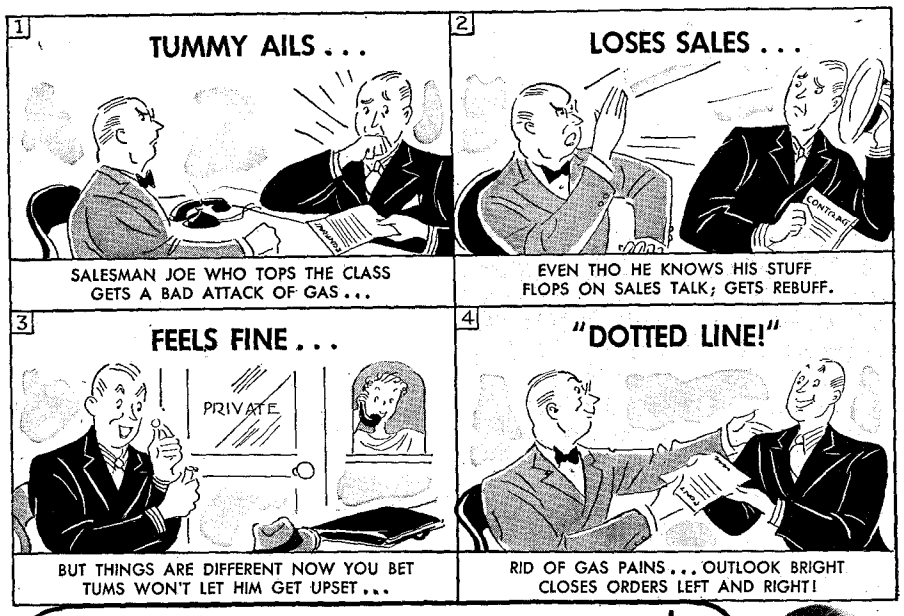
Crime Championship

J. Edgar Hoover, of the Department of Justice, stepped in last week as referee of the ping-pong game between New York and Chicago for the crime championship of America.

Official figures from July to September, now published by Mr. Hoover's Bureau of Investigation, give the following scores to the rival cities:

	Chicago	New York
Murder and non-negligent manslaughter	65	103
Robbery	2,221	283
Aggravated assault	513	722
Burglary, breaking, entering	4,214	650

Other items in Mr. Hoover's revealing report show that in hundreds of cities investigated more than one-third of the most serious offenses against the law were committed by persons under twenty-five years of age.


1
TUMMY AILS . . .
SALESMAN JOE WHO TOPS THE CLASS GETS A BAD ATTACK OF GAS . . .
2
LOSES SALES . . .
EVEN THO HE KNOWS HIS STUFF FLOPS ON SALES TALK; GETS REBUFF.
3
FEELS FINE . . .
PRIVATE
BUT THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW YOU BET TUMS WON'T LET HIM GET UPSET . . .
4
"DOTTED LINE!"
RID OF GAS PAINS . . . OUTLOOK BRIGHT CLOSES ORDERS LEFT AND RIGHT!

ACID INDIGESTION WON'T BOTHER ME!

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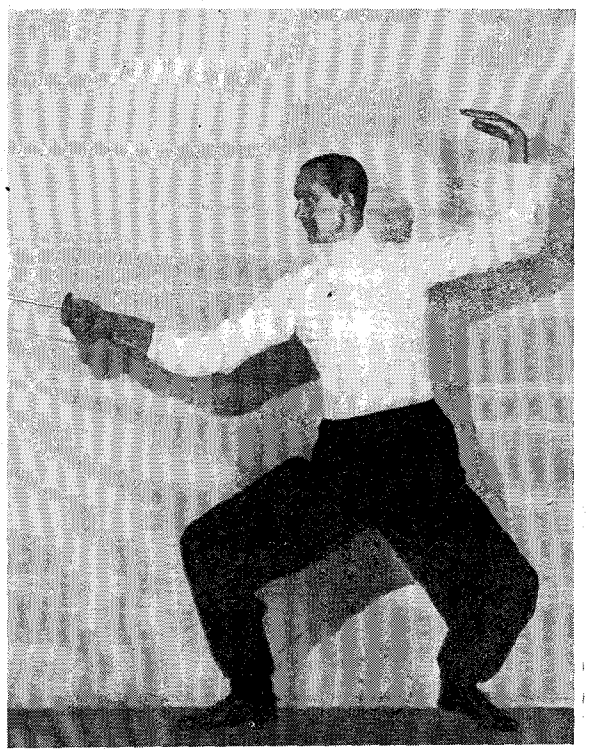
Salesman for Fencing

Aldo Nadi, World Champion Swordsman, Lives Up to Foreign Notices in American Début; Hopes to Push Sport Here

A tall, lithe Italian with slick black hair and a profile that has brought him at least one job in motion-pictures, walked casually onto a raised platform in a fashionable New York hotel last week.

Women in the audience, some of whom wore flowers in their hair—the occasion called for something of the sort since tickets sold for from $5 to $7.50—thrilled at the sight of the slender, trim figure in the white linen coat and full black velvet trousers.

Neither his clothes nor his physique has given Aldo Nadi his reputation as the world's champion fencer, altho both probably have been less than a handicap to him. Last week he chewed gum at his American début because he was nervous, altho his two performances did not show it. His chief job was to convince Americans that his advance notices from the European press were not exaggerated.



Aldo Nadi: Women sighed, men applauded. His début was a success

One of them read: "This superlative champion of striking appearance and superb carriage, with the nobility of inspiration and execution of ideal worthy of the sacred masters of the Renaissance, stands splendid in his guard, which seems impenetrable, observes his adversary with the redoubtable calm of a feline, unbends muscles of steel with tremendous impetuousness and ruthless spirit, and conquers. Yet in spite of his terrifying launching of ripostes, Nadi is the most correct, the most noble, the most sportsmanlike adversary there is."

Best Swordsman

Next day the New York sports-writers agreed. Joe King wrote in the New York *World-Telegram:* "A thin slice of American fencing's upper crust can find only one fault in Aldo Nadi, the world's best swordsman . . . he is too good. He was almost impossible to follow last night, so fast was he."

Janet Owen, of the New York *Herald Tribune,* was enthusiastic: "Six feet of slender height, in formal white jacket and black velvet trousers, were put to use in absolutely perfect timing. It was an exhibition of control, fluency, and fine precision."

Peppering his opponent with his foil, whacking sabers with another, the thirty-six-year-old champion merely "played."

Nadi, who weighs between 130 and 135 pounds and has small, wiry biceps, usually waits for an opening before making the attack. His style is a combination of the French and Italian schools.

Altho most large American universities and both Annapolis and West Point teach the rudiments of the sport, there is not much active interest in fencing outside intercollegiate competition and the numerous clubs throughout the country. Nadi, on trips to several universities here, will try to increase the interest.

Champion at Thirteen

Nadi, whose father and brother both have won many fencing titles, has fenced since he was five. He thinks most boys should begin at fifteen, altho he won his first title, the national open junior of Italy, at Milan when he was thirteen. Since then he has shot up the ladder of success, winning more than fifty contests, thirty-one of them with European champions.

Eleven years ago he fought with Lucien Gaudin, French idol, in Milan. Returning French journalists reported a victory for Gaudin. Italians hailed Nadi as the winner. The bout almost created an international incident, but Gaudin later called Nadi "unbeatable," which helped solve the problem. Since then, however, the French fencing association has not allowed its members to "compete" with Nadi, its reason being that he is too good.

Nadi speaks English and French fluently. He eats simply, drinks rarely despite a constant round of parties given in his honor, smokes occasionally, and is fussy about his clothes. He has a passion for music and biographies of musicians, altho he neither plays nor sings.

He keeps in shape by fencing an hour a day, has been teaching professionally for six years, and has made a comfortable living out of it. To him the important factors in fencing are not height and build, but alertness and serious work. He combines all four.

Even-tempered and unspoiled, he has one aversion: newspaper cameras. He has acquired a gentle tolerance for reporters since he fought a duel with a Paris newspaper man over an alleged insult in the latter's paper. Nadi wounded the reporter five times after considerable thwacking. The two have been close friends ever since.

Louis Wins Again

"Old laughing, lovable Upsidedown, who never had known the feel of canvas on his spinal column, was right side up when the referee, Arthur Donovan, stopped the slaughter, but he didn't know it. With one punch—a right hook that traveled no more than eight inches—the Brown Bomber sent him spinning to the mat; and . . . he rose on rubbery legs, with glazed, dazed eyes, and pawed the air like a man in a mental fog."

That is how Richards Vidmer of the New York *Herald Tribune* described the defeat of Paulino Uzcudun, the "unabashed Basque," by the sensational Joe Louis in New York last week. Uzcudun gave Louis the gamest fight he has had in years, yet it took the former Detroit ice-boy only four rounds to win over the Spanish woodchopper.

Search for "White Hope"

Almost before Louis's expected victory had been announced, Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight champion of the world, launched a search for a "white hope" capable of beating Louis. Said Dempsey, according to the United Press: "Send out to the world that I'm on the hunt for a white hope. Somewhere in this big world—perhaps right here in our United States—there must be at least one young white boy who can be developed into a worthy opponent for Louis. I want to find him."

Consistent favorite in every fight he has fought in recent months, Joe Louis has brought back the million-dollar gate in boxing. He has stimulated boxing to the point that galleries are filled even when he is matched with mediocre opponents.

Said Wilbur Wood in the New York *Sun* last week: "That amazing young man, Joe Louis of Detroit, has not only brought back the boxing game but has turned back the boxing clock, turned it back to those brave old days before he was born. . . . He has brought back handicap matches.

"There was a time when some of the fighters were so good that there was practically no doubt they would win any time they hopped over the ropes. So the promoters thought up the handicap match. . . . All the winner had to do was to be on his feet after a specified number of rounds. . . . Louis is one of those fighters." Bettors guess only on rounds, not on the victor.

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Pennant at a Price

Tom Yawkey, New Boon to Big-League Baseball, Has Shot $3,500,000 Into Boston Red Sox; Hopes to Get Results in 1936

Cornelius McGillicuddy, seventy-three-year-old Manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, through whose long, bony fingers many a star ball-player has slithered, called reporters to his room in a Chicago hotel last week.

Mr. McGillicuddy, known to the customers by the simpler, if less euphonious, name of Connie Mack, stroked a chin innocent of white whiskers, pulled an unwilling ear, and broke the symmetry of his wrinkled face with a grin. "Jimmy," chortled Mr. McGillicuddy, "isn't with us any more."

Connie Mack's announcement told baseball-writers what most of them knew, that Jimmy Foxx, twenty-eight-year-old slugger

Acme

Tom Yawkey: He got a lesson from beans

of the Athletics, had been sold to Thomas Austin Yawkey's Red Sox. What they had not known until the second day of the major-league meeting at Chicago last week was that young Yawkey paid a reputed $400,000 for Foxx and five other players.

Record Payment

What made the deal news was that it was the largest cash transaction in the history of baseball.

The departure of Foxx from Philadelphia signified the complete dismantlement of the famous Philadelphia team which won three pennants and two world series for Mack.

Not since Jacob Ruppert, genial New York brewer and owner of the New York Yankees, tossed his Brobdignagian bankroll at Harry Frazee for such stars as Babe Ruth, Waite Hoyt, Joe Dugan, Everett Scott, and others, has baseball seen such a voracious hunter after high-priced baseball talent as Tom Yawkey, who is thirty-two and determined to bounce his Red Sox into the American League pennant and world championship.

Yawkey bought the foundering Red Sox in 1933 for $1,000,000. He poured a reported $1,500,000 into the rebuilding of Fenway Park. He spent enough cash on baseball-players to swell the total amount he has shot into the Red Sox to approximately $3,500,000.

Since Yawkey is reputed to have inherited $50,000,000 from his foster-father, he still has a few millions left if the Red Sox fail him next year. Last season, and in 1934, they finished fourth.

Tom Yawkey has poured a passion for baseball, as well as cascaded his money, into the Red Sox. It is something more than a hobby with him. Bill Cunningham wrote of him in *Collier's:* "He is a man who was weaned on a bat, and he must have cut his teeth upon the stitches of a major-league missile."

Heaps of Beans

Born Thomas Austin, Yawkey was adopted by his wealthy uncle, William H. Yawkey, in 1917. His uncle, heavily interested in mining and timber properties in Michigan, bought the Detroit Tigers in 1903, the year Tom was born.

Later, the boy came to know Ty Cobb, Sam Crawford, Hughey Jennings, and other famous lights of baseball. When the uncle died, in 1919, he dumped a huge fortune into Tom's lap.

The Yawkey head continued to fit the Yawkey hat because Tom's foster-mother cut his school expense-account to $1 a week. She proved to him that he was not the richest boy in the world by placing a series of saucers on a table with varying heaps of beans in them.

The heaps were graded according to the respective wealth of the Rockefellers, Vanderbilts, Morgans, and others. In the last saucer she dropped a single bean to represent the Yawkey millions. Young Tom looked and remembered.

Yawkey married, in 1925, and stuck dutifully to his mining and lumbering interests, which he had been taught to regard as a responsibility; but his passion for owning a big-league ball-club never cooled.

The idea of buying the Red Sox popped into his head while he was hunting on his 33,500-acre preserve in South Carolina with Eddie Collins, now General Manager of the Red Sox.

According to Cunningham, in *Collier's,* Yawkey thinks that baseball "needs a lot more of the old-time religion: ball-players aren't sissies, but they're too polite, too matter of fact. My idea of baseball is to outthink the other fellow, outguess him, run him crazy by crossing him up. I want a team to give me and the crowd a run for our money. I'd rather they'd take chances and lose than win with dreary, stereotyped baseball."

To Joe Williams, of the New York *World-Telegram,* Yawkey said: "I'm just a fan. I have always wanted to own a ball-club. I bought it as a sporting gesture, and a business investment. I am sure, in the end, it will pay dividends on both counts."

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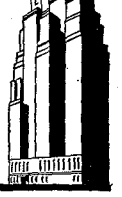

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Silver Drama on World-Stage

U. S. Quits Buying in London; Price Slumps; Curb on Smuggling from China to Japan Suspected in Wall Street

© Harris & Ewing

Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, who alters silver-buying policy

On Tuesday of last week the "four just men" met in London to do their daily stint. These top-hatted gentlemen, the world's leading silver bullion brokers, meet every day at 1:45 o'clock (London time) to fix the price of silver. Cables flash the news to other world markets.

First the brokers study buying and selling orders that pour into their firms during the night and forenoon. After efforts to match bids and offers, they announce the "fixed price."

"There is an old-established rule," a British broker explained, "which provides that the fixed price must be set at the level at which the entire block of silver is sold."

U. S. Bid Withdrawn

For the first time since the War-days of 1914, the brokers could not fix a price at the Tuesday meeting. The United States Treasury, biggest silver-buyer, had abruptly withdrawn its usual daily bid for the metal at around sixty-five cents an ounce. Offerers of a reported 20,000,000 ounces of silver found only scattered bidding.

World markets quickly reacted to the news. On the New York Stock Exchange, prices for shares of metal companies slumped one to six points. Silver prices broke five cents an ounce in Bombay. Contracts for future delivery in Montreal dropped five cents, the limit allowed for a day. New York silver prices, reputedly bolstered by Treasury buying, fell only one cent.

Next day, with reported limited Treasury bids for silver in London, the "four just men" set a price equivalent to a decline of several cents.

"On Tuesday [of last week]," commented the New York *Times* (Ind.-Dem.), "the United States Treasury, which for months has been 'pegging' the world prices of silver, withdrew its support and the market collapsed. . . . The Treasury could not have staged a more convincing demonstration . . . that it is the only important bidder for a metal no one else wants at present prices, and for which we ourselves have not the slightest need."

Later in the week, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau broke an official silence. The Treasury had decided to buy "in many different places," instead of largely in the London market.

Bernard Kilgore, in *The Wall Street Journal* (Ind.) put two and two together. The policy change, he said, "was actuated, among other things, by the desire of the Administration to check the flow of Chinese silver smuggled into Japan and sold to the United States through British channels."

This observer pointed out that Japan, a nominal producer of silver, has recently become a large scale exporter of the metal. During the first nine months of this year, Japan exported silver worth 144,158,000 yen, about twenty times the value of silver exports for the parallel period in 1934.

The Silver Purchase Act instructed the Treasury to buy enough silver either to raise the monetary value of silver stocks to one-third that of gold stocks or else to boost the market price to $1.29 an ounce.

Due to gold imports, the Washington *Post* (Ind.) declared, "the amount of silver still to be acquired to attain the arbitrary ratio is nearly as great to-day as it was at the inception of the program. . . . The stupidity of the performance is only equalled by its futility. The time has come to call a halt."

'36 Business Horoscope

Business seers study the economic heavens each year-end. On the statistical stars in the sky they base prophecies for the coming year.

Col. Leonard P. Ayres of the Cleveland Trust Company cast his 1936 horoscope last week before the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce. "American traditions and customs," he said, "sanction the folly of making forecasts."

First the banker-statistician emphasized that 1935 has been "by far the best" recovery year since the depression "bottom in 1932." But he characterized progress so far as "a cash-and-carry recovery" subsidized by Government spending of billions of dollars.

"Probably the most difficult economic undertaking that is ahead," he pointed out, "is that of making the transition from the publicly subsidized consumers' goods recovery that we have had so far to the privately financed durable goods recovery that we must have if we are to regain prosperity.

"It involves full faith and firm confidence in the future of Federal credit, the future of our money, the permanence of our form of representative Government, and the preservation of our economic system."

Carlton A. Shively, the New York *Sun's* financial editor, read between the lines: "Obviously, the reader is meant to infer, pursuance of the economic policies of the past three years will never bring that about."

"Whether a recovery built on the sands of Government debt can be a sound structure remains to be seen," the Cleveland *News* (Rep.) commented. "We may not find out in 1936, as Government expenditure continues. But sand castles have a way of tumbling down most unexpectedly."

Horoscope Cast

The Ayres horoscope for 1936 based its changes on this year's industrial conditions. It predicted a probable decline in only one field, the production of textiles. On the up side, it forecast a 12 per cent. rise in the volume of industrial production; 10 to 20 per cent. in the production of iron and steel; 5 per cent. in bituminous coal output; and 50 per cent. in the value of contracts for homes. For a 10 per cent. increase, it listed passenger-automobile output, loadings of railroad freight, electric-power output, industrial employment, industrial pay-rolls, wholesale prices, the cost of living, and farm income.

"Tailored" 1936 Motor-Cars

Captains of industry and merchant princes wear tailor-made suits and live in homes for which architects draw individual plans. But not even millionaires ride in tailor-made automobiles. Last week, N. F. Hadley, Chief Engineer of the Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation, told why.

The explanation, Mr. Hadley observed, lies in the cost of research. To exercise his whim for an individual automobile, he declared, a millionaire might spend his entire

Industries Establishing New Peaks in 1935

Tabulation by Brookmire Economic Service

	1929	*1934*	*Estimated 1935*	*% Gain '35 vs. '34*
Gasoline (consumption in mil. bbls.)	396	406	430	+ 6%
Rayon (deliveries: 1923-25=100)	277	353	450	+28
Shoes (production in mil. pairs)	361	357	370	+ 4
Cigarettes (sales in billions)	119.0	125.6	137.0	+ 9
Electric power (output in bil. kwh.)	91.4	85.5	93.5	+ 9
Elec. refrigerators (sales in thous.)	840	1,373	1,550	+13
Diesel engines (sales in thous. h. p.)	450	760	1,300	+71
Plate glass (output in mil. sq. ft.)	150	92	178	+94

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fortune for a specially-built car, and, yet, fail to get as good an automobile as 1936 cars selling for less than $600.

"The motoring public has learned to think of the modern automobile in terms of mass-production," mused the engineer, "but few realize that the first cars are completely hand-made.

"Such is the cost of research engineering, which goes into even the lowest-priced cars on the market to-day, that if all development charges were carefully assessed against a new model, $1,000,000 would hardly cover the cost of turning out the first hand-made car. The major motor-manufacturers spend millions of dollars each year for research, and maintain an army of workers to carry on new experiments."

Mr. Hadley works for a man who believes in science and in research. "The world to-day needs, more than ever, men of trained intelligence, men who can use their minds scientifically, men who can look inside, outside, and around a problem, getting down to its fundamentals, and finding a practical, workable answer," Walter P. Chrysler declared in *The Scientific American* last June.

Business Notes

Colby M. Chester, until last week President of General Foods Corporation, has two new jobs. Last week he resigned his Presidency to succeed Edward F. Hutton as Board Chairman. This week the National Association of Manufacturers announced it had elected him President for 1936.

"I have accepted the office of President . . . only in the hope that I may aid in effecting recovery and employment, and in bringing about a better understanding between government, industry, and the public at large," Mr. Chester explained. Referring to the NAM platform, he added: "I do not interpret these principles, even in a remote sense, as a declaration of war."

* * *

Michael J. Meehan, stocky, sandy-haired Wall Street broker, faced serious charges last week. In Washington, he appeared before Trial Examiner William Green, of the Securities and Exchange Commission, to show cause why he should not be barred from trading on all security and commodity exchanges.

SEC charges that Mr. Meehan boosted the price of Bellanca Aircraft Corporation stock by making "matched trades." He had helped to underwrite an impending new issue of Bellanca stock. His motive, SEC contends, was to get good prices for the new stock.

As witnesses poured into Washington, Mr. Meehan denied the charges, and asserted the Securities and Exchange Act was unconstitutional.

"A great deal more than the personal fate of the redoubtable 'Mike' Meehan is at stake . . .," observed Julius G. Berens, Financial Editor of the New York *American*. "Out of these hearings is certain to develop a far-reaching trial of one of the basic pillars of the New Deal for investors—the effort to eliminate 'manipulation' from security exchanges."

MORE BUSINESS... BUT LESS REVENUE

Aggressive merchandising activities and improved industrial conditions have resulted in a greater use of electricity than ever before by customers of the Associated System. The average domestic customer used 31 kilowatt hours more in the first ten months of 1935 than for the same period of 1934. Electric output increased over 6 per cent, and gas output over 4 percent for this ten months period over 1934.

Nevertheless, net revenue is less, due to increased taxes, rate cuts and the higher cost of doing business. Taxes have increased 65 per cent from 1930 to 1934. Operating expenses including fuel costs for the twelve months period ending October 31, 1935, were 7.4 per cent higher than the same period in 1934. Accounting and legal expenses necessary to comply with new Federal and State regulations will mean increased expenditures.

To offset these drains on revenue, even more aggressive merchandising activities will be put into effect in 1936.

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"Romeo and Juliet," "Macbeth," "Taming of the Shrew," "Othello," "Hamlet," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" have been produced or are being considered for production. This is awakening renewed interest in all of Shakespeare's works. So much so that to-day one *must* be familiar enough with this great writer's works to be able to discuss them intelligently. The reading of either of the following one-volume editions, or the 40-volume set will enable one to do just that.

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The Open Forum

Townsend

Sir:—Thanks for "The Open Forum." I rank it with the very best features of what I consider the very greatest magazine for the people, of all time. In my mind, it has not even a close second. Here's a word of reply to Mr. Bloom, Fremont, Ohio [December 7 issue], about the Townsend Plan:

Will you please explain just who are those who "wouldn't benefit, directly or indirectly," by the Townsend Plan? C. T. Felts.

Jackson, Michigan.

Sir:—You are to be congratulated for the space given, in the Nov. 30 Literary Digest, for Dr. Francis E. Townsend and his plan.

The Townsend Plan has been percolating slowly, but very thoroughly, from the Pacific to the Atlantic seaboard, and the still small voice of Dr. F. E. Townsend has grown into an almost deafening roar from the people of the United States of America.

Marga Leigh.

Pomona, California.

Education

Sir:—I have read with much interest articles in your magazine on educational subjects.

There is one branch of educational work which our colleges are apparently neglecting: personality—one of the greatest assets that young men can possess in starting life.

They leave college with a well deserved diploma but no ability to sell their service or themselves in the business world.

J. W. Howard.

Hendersonville, North Carolina.

Constitution

Sir:—In the Nov. 23 issue of your magazine Mr. Lawrence of El Paso, Texas, declares the Constitution confers the authority upon the Supreme Court to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional. He quotes Article III, Section 2, of that instrument as his authority. He quotes in italics the phrase, "the laws of the United States." To be consistent he should include the remainder of the sentence: "and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority." Has the Supreme Court ever attempted to declare a treaty unconstitutional?

Knute Hill.

Prosser, Washington.

Sir:—I have been a reader of The Literary Digest for fifty years. I have read carefully the series of articles appearing recently in The Digest on the subject of our Federal Constitution.

It should be a matter of profound congratulation to know that the Fathers of this country had the wisdom and integrity to incorporate into our Federal Constitution that juridical stabilizing gyroscope the U. S. Supreme Court.

Dr. E. D. Holme.

St. Joseph, Mo.

Sir:—No explicit power is anywhere given to the Supreme Court to nullify Acts of Congress. It has arrogated to itself this power on very few occasions and, when this has occurred, it has been due to a political fight. If "We, the People of the United States," the only supreme power in the United States, wish the Supreme Court to have this power, we should get busy and so state in a clearly worded Constitutional Amendment. This would mean the delegation of a tremendous amount of power to a small body of men who are not elected by the people. This would be dangerous. The Court might be given the function of declaring a law unconstitutional, after which it would have to be reconsidered by the legislative branch, to be confirmed or repealed. But to permit any non-elective body of men to *nullify* an Act of Congres is not in keeping with the general scheme of popular government nor with the purpose of the framers of our Constitution.

W. W. Gould.

Cristobal, Canal Zone.

Wealth

Sir:—Perhaps your "Open Forum" may be able to supply some information. A great deal is being said and written about wealth, the possession and redistribution.

I would like to hear: What is wealth? If it is honestly obtained, what is the just and lawful limitation of its possession? And what would be the source of final appeal?

F. M. W.

Shreveport, Louisiana.

Edith Maxwell

Sir:—Don't you think you made a mistake in your report of the trial of Edith Maxwell, basing your story on lurid, inaccurate, and deliberately distorted special articles appearing in a few yellow newspapers?

The following is from an editorial in the Bristol (Va.) *Herald Courier*: "Yellow journalism largely accounts for the furor created by the trial and conviction of Miss Maxwell. Newspaper correspondents from a distance went to Wise and wrote highly-colored and misleading reports of the trial and its setting, of the principals in the case and of the legal proceedings, of the local atmosphere and of cultural conditions in that fine section of Southwest Virginia." M. M. Heuser.

Norton, Virginia.

Freedom

Sir:—There is a great deal in the papers about flag-saluting and teachers required to take the oath of allegiance. I would like to know why? This country is credited to be the foremost country in the world, where people can worship God the way they choose, possess the right to assemble, and have a free press.

Is America becoming more like foreign countries? If so what are the true Americans (those who believe in peace, liberty, and justice) going to do about it? America must be kept free. The crowd that wants to salute the flag can do so, that is their privilege. But to try to make others do so is un-American. R. Ross.

Manistee, Michigan.

Negroes' Friend

Sir:—I hope the Honorable Hamilton Fish gets the Republican Presidential nomination next year as "he has long championed Negroes' rights in this country." [Literary Digest, Nov. 16.] Louis T. Valle, Jr.

Allenton, Missouri.

Preachers

Sir:—Commenting on the tendency of some preachers to drag their churches as such into politics, my friend Powder River Pete says: "I'd hate like hell to go to a professional politician for religious comfort and guidance."

Buffalo, Wyoming. Theodore Wanerus.

Mountain Dress

Sir:—If the writer of "Man's Justice to Woman in the Hills" [Literary Digest, November 30] will pardon me, I confess I had to laugh when I read the sentence: "She took the clothes and high heels, superficial signs of emancipation, back to the hills with her."

When I was working in that section, [Virginia] I was spending my summers at Columbia University and attending whatever sources of amusement that New York City has to offer energetic young people in search of a good time. When I returned to "the hills," I had to buy new clothes, for the ones that had carried me safely through summer school and the city were neither fashionable enough nor adequate to meet the demands of social life in the section where I was working. High heels and modern clothes are no novelty in the mountains.

Moreover, the boys and girls were even then staying out just as late as they pleased and were just as defiant of parental authority as they are in the rest of this nation.

Pulaski, Virginia. Mrs. S. G. Knight.

That Solitary Drop!

—The Jersey Journal

Printed Money

Sir:—J. H. Devore in the December 7 issue asks why the Government does not print money instead of bonds and thus save the people interest.

The New Deal spenders may yet print money—but it won't save the people anything, because printed money will raise prices sky-high.

Archibald T. Johnson.

Philadelphia.

Women

Sir:—In your November 30, 1935, edition you feature pictures of prominent women in all fields of industry.

Why not devote about one-half to one full page weekly for a brief *biography* of these important women, accompanied by a picture of each?

D. Kondi.

New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Lottery

Sir:—Kindly advise me why our Government taxes winners of foreign sweepstakes, and allows horse-racing, and cash prizes given to patrons of moving-picture theaters, yet opposes a national lottery.

A lottery at the present time would be a godsend, it would reduce our heavy taxes, and open doors of hospitals, which are going into the red. John H. Vahlbusch.

Farmingdale, New York.

Empire

Sir:—In the November 16 issue G. D. Clarke, Coventry, England, says he is much amused by the plaints that England's Empire was won by conquest, and says that America was taken from its native Indians. But he fails to recall that happened while we were still English—before we reformed.

E. E. Clark.

Portland, Oregon.

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Current Events

(Seven Days of History)

December 7.—Georgia antisedition law, enacted in 1866, held unconstitutional by Superior Court Judge Hugh M. Dorsey, who held law "too vague and indefinite," and freed Angelo Herndon, Negro Communist, under $8,000 bond so State may appeal.

Eighty-two per cent of more than 10,000 manufacturers throughout country vote "no" on question, "Do you favor legislation continuing in any form the principles and policies of the NIRA?"

Striking WPA workers, facing Government threat to close down twenty-seven WPA projects employing 1,500 persons, vote to return to jobs at Key West, Florida.

National Scout Jamboree, called off last August because of several cases of infantile paralysis in Washington, will be held in that city in late June and early July, 1937.

December 8.—General convention of Amateur Athletic Union of the United States closes in New York City, with rejection of all attempts to keep American athletes out of Olympic games in Germany.

Mirror for world's largest telescope removed from annealing-oven of Corning Glass Company, Corning, New York; 200-inch disk had been cooling since December 2, 1934.

Seven dead, scores missing and property damage estimated at $2,000,000 in flood of 100,000 acres in and near Houston, Texas; Buffalo Bayou rises above record level reached in disastrous 1929 flood.

Father James R. Cox, who led "Cox's Army" to Washington in 1932, announces he will lead another march to Capital on January 10 to urge Townsend Plan.

Father and son, owners and operators of armored car, slay two bandits in attempted hold-up in Philadelphia.

Interior of twenty-three-year-old Johnson Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Huntington, West Virginia, swept by $100,000 fire.

Methodist Reunion

After seventeen years of effort a plan for the reunion of the Methodist Episcopal Church South and the Methodist Protestant Church was agreed upon by fifty Commissioners representing the three groups, on December 12. The plan (THE LITERARY DIGEST, August 24) now goes to the General and Annual Conferences of the three bodies for ratification, a process expected to take six years. The new body would be known as The Methodist Church. It would have a membership of more than 7,200,000, and a Sunday-school enrolment of about 6,000,000. If finally adopted, the merger would be the twelfth church-union effected in the last thirty years.

December 9.—President Roosevelt, speaking before 14,000 at annual Convention of American Farm Bureau Federation in Chicago, defends AAA and says Government will try further to bring about "fair balance" between industry, agriculture, and other producing factors of nation; President also speaks at South Bend, Indiana, where he received honorary degree from Notre Dame University.

Philippine Clipper, second plane to enter transpacific air-mail service, leaves Alameda, California, for Honolulu on first leg of second flight to Manila.

Westchester County Board of Supervisors approved so-called Sonn tract at Mount Pleasant, New York, as site for county's first municipal air-port.

Appropriation of $12,000,000 for year's study of employment outlook announced by Corrington Gill, Assistant Works Progress Administrator; project to be directed from Philadelphia by David Weintraub.

December 10.—Albert B. ("Happy") Chandler inaugurated Governor of Kentucky at ceremonies at Frankfort.

Stewart McDonald, Federal Housing Administrator, announces volume of business done by FHA has passed $500,000,000 mark; estimates 175,000 new homes will be constructed next year.

Joseph P. Ryan, President of International Longshoremen's Association, ends strike affecting Gulf and Pacific Coast ports.

Lucius Nathan Littauer, glove-manufacturer and former Representative in Congress, gives $2,000,000 to Harvard University for Graduate School of Public Administration.

December 11.—Pennsylvania Railroad, inaugurating one of most extensive equipment-building programs in its history, announced placement of orders for 10,000 new freight-cars to cost $25,000,000.

President Roosevelt reappoints Rear Adm. Cary T. Grayson, retired, as Chairman of American Red Cross.

Preliminary injunction, restraining Government from collecting penalty-tax for refusal to accept coal-code contained in Guffey Coal Act, granted to fourteen Virginia and West Virginia producers by Federal Judge John Paul, at Lynchburg, Virginia.

United States regains lead in number of world air-records held as Benjamin King, flying a single-seater seaplane weighing less than 551 pounds, covers 500-kilometer closed course in four hours, twenty-four minutes and twenty-five seconds; 100-kilometer course at rate of 80.931 miles an hour; both are official records made at Miami, Florida.

Two destroyers, U.S.S. *Cummings* and U.S.S. *Moffet*, launched respectively at Mariners Harbor, Staten Island, New York, and Bethlehem-Fore River shipyards at Quincy, Massachusetts.

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Louise Polk Wilson, of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., is the only person authorized to sign the name of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. She has done it, on patents, about 11,000 times

December 12.—Representative John H. Hoeppel of California and son, Charles, convicted by a District of Columbia Supreme Court jury of conspiracy to sell West Point appointment for $1,000.

New $1 silver certificate will be obtainable at most banks beginning on December 18, according to Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr.; both sides of Great Seal of United States will appear on bill for first time in history of U. S. money.

Miss Grace A. Estep, dismissed by the Masontown, Pennsylvania, School Board because her religion forbade her to lead her second-grade pupils in saluting the flag, starts own school with twenty-two coreligionists enrolled.

Mantis J. Van Sweringen, who shared $3,000,000,000 railroad empire with his brother, O. P. Van Sweringen, in 1929, dies of heart-disease in Cleveland, Ohio, hospital.

December 13.—Seven-hour fire sweeps file-rooms of recently completed $10,000,000 Post Office Department Building in Washington; Government records destroyed and luxurious offices of Postmaster General James A. Farley and other executives damaged; loss was estimated at $250,000; building had been dedicated on June 11, 1934.

Winooski River, New England's most turbulent river, has been harnessed by Army engineers and CCC; river figured prominently in floods of 1927, when more than 120 persons were drowned.

Leaders of 4,400 employees of New York and Queens Electric Light and Power Company order strike which, if successful, would deprive more than 5,000,000 persons of light, power, and transportation.

President Roosevelt gives Government employees extra half-day vacation for both Christmas and New Year's; in addition to regular holidays, government agencies will close at 1 P.M. on December 24 and December 31.

Wheat prices jump, Buenos Aires leading with 19⅛ cent advance as Argentine decree virtually stops exports.

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The Spice of Life

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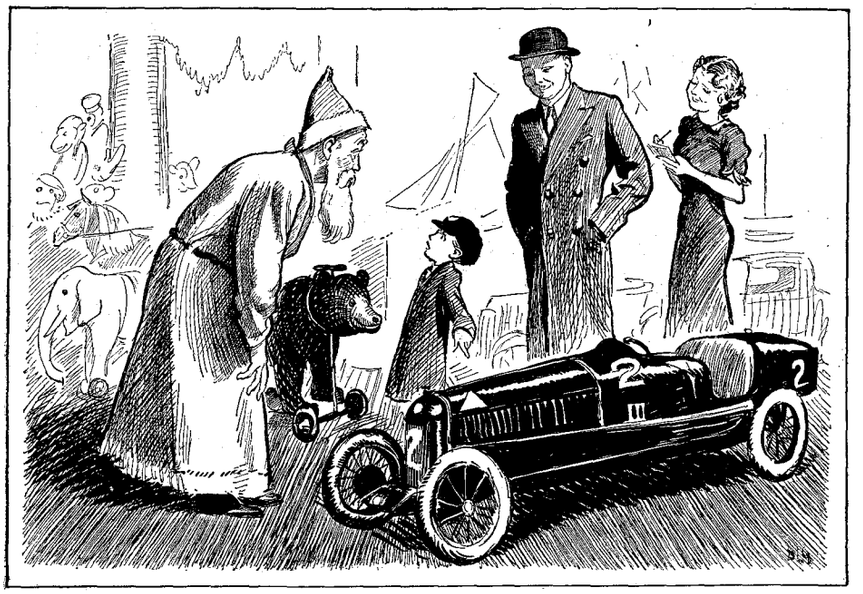

"And is there anything else you would like for Christmas, my little man?"
"No, thank you, sir; this car will be all. But, I say, could you take my last year's model in part exchange?"

—The Humorist *(London)*

Private Source.—The rest of you can worry all you please about the significance of THE LITERARY DIGEST'S poll. We have gone direct to our own private source of information, Pandit N. Amirtananda, royal astrologer of India, 2/29 North Mada Street, Mylapore. "Dear Sir," he writes, "As per your request I have answered your question which please note. Mr. Roosevelt will be reelected President of the United States in 1936. His opponent is the candidate who opposed him last time and this time also he will be defeated."

The heck with THE LITERARY DIGEST.—*The New Yorker.*

Skeptic.—A party of tourists were being shown over the cathedral by a guide.

"Behind the altar," he told them, "lies Richard the Second. In the churchyard outside lies Mary Queen of Scots, also Henry the Eighth. And who," he demanded, halting above an unmarked flagstone, "who do you think is a-lying 'ere?"

"Well," answered a near-by tourist, "I don't know for sure, but I have my suspicions."—*Ottawa Citizen.*

No Prospects.—A story of Winston S. Churchill—told by Gertrude Atherton:

"Shortly after he left the Conservative side of the House (of Commons) for the Liberal, he was taking a certain young woman down to dinner, when she looked up at him coquettishly, and remarked with the audacity of her kind:

" 'There are two things I don't like about you, Mr. Churchill.'

" 'And what are they?'

" 'Your new politics and mustache.'

" 'My dear madam,' he replied suavely, 'pray do not disturb yourself. You are not likely to come in contact with either.' "—*Atlanta Journal.*

Second Choice.—"H'm," the publisher murmured. "Your handwriting's so indistinct I can hardly read these poems of yours. Why didn't you type them before bringing them to me?"

"Type 'em?" the would-be poet gasped. "D'you think I'd waste my time writing poetry if I could type?"—*Des Moines Register.*

Safe.—The disinclination of persons of business acumen to listen to economists reminds us of an old gentleman we once knew who used to go to the theater and stuff cotton in his ears so he couldn't hear what was being said, because he knew he wasn't going to like it.—*The New Yorker.*

Necessity.—GREEN—"You must be keen on the talkies, old boy, to go twice a week."

HOWARTH—"It's not that exactly. You see, if I don't go regularly I can't understand what my children are saying."—*Toronto Globe.*

—And Lead Quarters.—About money, Mayor Edward Kelly, of Chicago, has expressed the universal feeling more pithily and brightly than all the Latin epigrams and Persian wise-cracks to be found in the books of quotations. It was some ten years ago, according to Edward Dean Sullivan, that Mr. Kelly, addressing the South Park Board, of which he was President, said: "Money is a strange commodity and a baffling subject. Time and again it has been proved a non-essential to happiness. It doesn't buy love, affect law, assure the respect of other men or win a place for its possessor in thinking society. I am referring, of course, to Confederate money."—*Gilbert Seldes, in The Saturday Evening Post.*

Innocents Abroad.—Few visitors to London fail to see No. 10 Downing Street, the plain, unpretentious appearance of which usually surprizes them.

Two men from New York were examining the exterior of the house and indulging in picturesque but disparaging criticism.

Outside stood a car.

"What a place for a Prime Minister," one of them exclaimed. "And as for that car—waal, I reckon it would pass any day for a second-hand hearse."

At this moment a well-groomed man emerged from No. 10, entered the car, and drove off.

"Say, who was that guy?" asked the other American of a policeman standing by.

"The American Ambassador," answered the constable.—*Troy Times Record.*

Slips That Pass in the Type

In Lieu of Pink Elephants?—The ——— Downtown Association has voted unanimously for big wreaths of pine cones tied with large red cows.—*Oakland (Calif.) paper.*

Commercialism? — This possible All-State player tackled viciously, cleared the way for ball carriers with deadly into a garage and attempted to sell a battery.—*Snowflake (Ariz.) paper.*

Noisy Silence.—
HOOVER RESUMES
POLITICAL SILENCE
IN SCREEN TALKIE
—*Paris paper.*

Lots of Fun.—Cheddar cheese is often called Hoop cheese because the curd is put into tinned-iron hoops which are lined with cheesecloth bandages and pressed with great pleasure.—*Ridgeway (Pa.) paper.*

Suspicious.—Because of a civil service examination given in April to over 60, of whom 200 passed, no one outside the civil service list will be needed.—*Spokane paper.*

No Soft Drinks for Athens.—An attraction for visitors at Athens is a dam, recently constructed to supply the city with water faced with marble.—*Rochester paper.*

Slight Accident.—A fourth-grade pupil is recovering from the effects of being accidentally choked to death.—*Newark paper.*

Haunting License. — Her mother died July 18, 1909, at the age of 101 years and eight months. After her death she continued to live with her brother at the family residence, 107 Third street. When he died in 1923 she lived alone for a time then took residence with Mrs. A. J. B—— on Bridge street. In September she was removed to the Mills hospital.—*Sayre (Pa.) paper.*

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